PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

JUL 17 1933

THE NEW
STATESMAN AND NATION

Incorporating *The Athenæum*

Vol. VI. No. 124 (New Series) **SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1933** [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] **SIXPENCE**

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . *Page* 33
THE FOURTH OF JULY 35
NATIONAL SELF-SUFFICIENCY.—I. By J. M. Keynes 36
A LONDON DIARY 37
WHY PACIFISTS ARE INEFFECTIVE. By C. E. M. Joad 38
CRUELTY TO CLERGYMEN. By Y. Y. 40
ON BEING A PAUPER. By Stella Churchill . . 41
CORRESPONDENCE 42
From F. S. Marston; Henry Harrison; Sir Arthur Salter; Clara D. Rackham; Quentin Bell; J. M. Keynes; Lord Desborough and others; Margaret Newsboult; P. E. Vernon.
A NEW STORY BY TCHEHOV 44
PLAYS AND PICTURES 45
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . . 46
REVIEWS: *Page*
New Novels. By Peter Quennell 47
The Old Firm. By H. E. Bates 48
Proletarians All. By K. John 48
"An Evil and Dangerous Man" 49
Sex Messiness. By Harry Roberts 49
Experiment or Rusticity? By A. W. Lawrence . 50
Pygmies, Sand-dunes and Treasure. By J. H. Driberg 51
An Eminent Edwardian 52
Soviet Russia. By Kingsley Martin . . . 52
SHORTER NOTICE 54
ABOUT MOTORING 54
PLAYTIME. By Caliban 56
THE WEEK IN THE CITY 58

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. The postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S second message corroborates and emphasises the interpretation placed on his first message in our leading article this week. The President desires "to make it perfectly clear" that his object is to raise commodity prices in America, not to begin an international currency war. He will not allow the gold-standard countries, which refuse to adopt a sane policy in Europe, to obstruct his attempt to pursue a sane policy in the United States. He has made up his mind to do what all the Powers have said they wanted to do; and the only question is whether Europe, and ourselves in particular, are going to follow him or whether we are going to allow our financiers to keep us in a depressed and deflated world in order to satisfy their thinly disguised hope that the failure of his experiment will prove the wisdom of their own orthodoxy. Cowardice is a bad guide in economics as in other things.

The Totalitarian State

The Nazification of Germany goes on apace; the Bavarian and the German People's Parties have been wound up, and the great political organisation of the Catholics, the Centre Party, has suffered the same fate. There is nothing new, of course, in this attempt to establish the "totalitarian State"; it has been made, and succeeded, both in Russia and in Italy. But Hitler may have his work cut out in welding all his compulsory converts into a band of brothers under the swastika. There are reports of disaffection here and there among the Nazi Storm Troops who do not find the milk and honey of the Promised Land up to sample. We do not imagine this is very serious; but it may become so if the economic situation does not improve. So far the cost of living index in Germany has risen slightly, though certain trades appear to be enjoying a boomlet—especially the leather trade, which has to cope with a heavy demand, amongst other things, for sword belts and military boots. There are still some millions of unemployed, however, living on small doles and large hopes. One of these hopes is a scheme for the construction of motor speed-roads up and down the country. The men employed on this job will, we are told, work a forty-hour week, and their wages will be regulated by labour commissioners appointed by the Government.

The Nazi Persecutions

Herr Hitler is now issuing warnings about the practice of delation, which has attained monstrous proportions and is being used, as he declares, to gratify private spites. We hope he will succeed in abating this scandal. Meanwhile, there is another scandal for which he himself and his lieutenants are directly responsible. We do not know when the trial, already several times postponed, of those who are charged with the burning of the Reichstag is to take place; but we do know that a number of people who are clearly innocent of the charge are being shockingly treated. These include three Bulgarians, against whom an absurd case has been trumped up, and Herr Ernst Torgler, one of the former parliamentary leaders of the Communists, a man of high character and an avowed

opponent of incendiary methods. Torgler voluntarily gave himself up immediately after the fire in the hope that his action might expose the absurdity of the charge against his Party. He has been kept in prison ever since, inadequately fed, and in chains. The Nazis have no evidence against him, and the commonly accepted explanation of their treatment of him is that it is designed to break his spirit and perhaps to force him to suicide. There have been comparable cases in the last few months. As regards the general campaign of persecution, it still persists, and British public opinion was again expressed in the House of Commons this week. Sir John Simon, as well as Sir Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Lansbury, told the Nazi Government what they thought of it, and the Nazi Government would be well advised to take note of what they said.

Mr. Litvinov's Successful Visit

Congratulations are due to Sir John Simon and Mr. Litvinov for making a swift and happy ending of the Anglo-Russian quarrel. The embargoes were removed and the British prisoners released simultaneously last Saturday—children on either side may, if it pleases them, argue that one of these events preceded the other by a few minutes or an hour or two. Nor is this all. Negotiations for another trade agreement are being resumed, and they are not expected to take long. The new agreement will doubtless provide for a more even balance of exchange than did the old. But it is not likely to satisfy the demand, which Die-hard Tories are making with characteristic pettiness, that diplomatic privileges shall be withheld from the Soviet Trade Delegation. Mr. Litvinov has at the same time done another valuable piece of work during his stay in London. He has concluded pacts for the further strengthening of peace between the U.S.S.R. and a considerable number of its neighbours—Turkey, Afghanistan and Persia, Esthonia, Latvia, Poland, and the three Little Entente States, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia and Rumania. These pacts embody a definition of "the aggressor," and so amplify and fortify the Kellogg Pact. They should help materially to lessen the feeling of insecurity in central and eastern Europe, and their significance will not be lost, we may be sure, on the chauvinists in Berlin.

Trade and Complacency

Dr. Burgin's review of the state of trade in the House of Commons on Tuesday very clearly illustrates a tendency which is being pushed to dangerous lengths in high quarters to-day. Because we are not quite so badly off as some of our neighbours, and because there has been recently a small, though definite, improvement in general business conditions, Dr. Burgin lays all the stress on these secondary facts, and uses them as a cloak for complacency and inaction. We have no desire to minimise the improvement; but we doubt whether it foreshadows any real recovery and deny that it ought to afford an excuse for inaction. It certainly does not justify us in being content with a succession of bi-lateral treaties as a substitute for an attempt to initiate a general downward movement in tariffs. Presumably Dr. Burgin was only echoing Mr. Runciman, who has to make the best of his position as a prisoner in the protectionist camp. But, even apart from tariffs, there is a dangerous tendency to pretend that things are now going so well that we are well-advised to refuse to co-operate in any constructive effort either to raise prices or to stimulate a revival of demand.

Reorganising Steel

The important steel merger announced this week is presumably the first step towards the nationalisation of the steel and iron trades of the north-east coast. It will bring the South Durham and Cargo Fleet concerns under one control with Dorman, Longs, and will provide new capital for extensions and renovations in addition to writing off lost capital and converting accumulated debts to a more manageable form and amount. The writing off is severe. The share capital of Dorman, Longs is to be reduced from over £11,000,000 to £1,750,000 and a good proportion of the debentures are to be turned into less onerous claims. Thus reorganised, the north-east coast steel industry should be able to work far more effectively than it could do while it was still grossly over-capitalised, or rather overvalued, and over-indebted. There has been in recent months a substantial revival of steel production, though not of pig iron; for the iron trade stands even more than steel in need of drastic reorganisation. The present merger was planned under the Labour Government; but only now has it been possible to get the various interests to agree upon a compromise. So far, so good. The steel trade is gradually reorganising itself into regional units under pressure from the Tariff Commission and the banks. The next steps must be to link up the regional units on national lines, and to see that the new trusts which are being created are not given a free hand to exploit the consumer. Can these objects be secured without bringing the industry under some form of public control? We doubt it.

Masterly Malingering

Meanwhile the mine-owners remain true to type. Some time ago the Coal Mines' Reorganisation Commission called on the Leicestershire owners to prepare a scheme of district amalgamation. They refused; and the Commission, in accordance with the powers conferred upon it, decided to prepare a compulsory scheme. The owners then refused to supply information which the Commission was empowered to demand, and, when they were summoned to appear before it, entered a strong protest against the "high-handed action" in attempting to use its power. "You are seeking," said the owners' advocate, "to force them to give up their liberty against their will." He even disputed the Commission's right to enforce amalgamation at all, though this, and nothing else, is what it was set up by Parliament to do, in default of voluntary amalgamation by the owners. The Commission then announced that, unless the owners gave the required information, it would report them to the High Court; whereupon the owners replied by demanding an adjournment, in order that not they but the Commission might reconsider its attitude. Truly these mine-owners are remarkable people. The Commission has been in existence now for over two years; by masterly malingering they have so far prevented it from achieving anything. How long this farce will be allowed to go on, who shall say? Probably it is not unwelcome to the present Government, and the owners are aware of this, or they would have to change their tune.

Stateless Women

The Government cut a poor figure in the House of Lords on Tuesday with its British Nationality and Status of Aliens Bill. Lord Sankey, in moving the second reading, explained that its object was to remove the grievance under which a British woman labours when she marries a foreigner and thereby loses her British nationality. In certain cases the position is Gilbertian—notably in the U.S.A. In that extraordinary backwood the British wife of an American citizen does not even acquire her husband's nationality; she becomes Stateless. This Bill therefore proposes to allow her to retain her British nationality. So far, so good; but why stop there? Why not allow the wife of any foreigner to retain her British nationality, if she chooses? Lord Sankey admits the equity and the common sense of that demand. But alas! this is an Imperial question, he says, and the Dominions will not agree. What their objection to the proposal is we are not clear; but, whether it be strong or weak, we fail to understand why they should be allowed to veto a reform supported by the mass of public opinion in this country. The British Government, as Lord Snell urged, ought to have the courage of its convictions, and invite the Dominions to follow its lead. The present Bill and the Lord Chancellor's excuses for it are making a fetish of the British Commonwealth of Nations and a fool of the British Parliament.

Wild Beast Shows

The boast that animals are on the whole well treated in this country is not discredited by such occasional and disgusting incidents as that of the man the other day who was convicted of persuading a child to give her kitten to his dog to worry. Abnormalities occur in every country. It is suffering that can be avoided by legislative action which we have to consider. A recent incident suggests that we ought to prohibit the caging and transportation of wild animals for commercial purposes. In this case three leopards belonging to a well-known circus died in transit between Manchester and Oxford. The reason given for their death was suffocation. The circus trainers were acquitted of the charge of cruelty brought by the R.S.P.C.A. But though we are fully willing to believe in the justice of this decision, the actual suffering caused to the animals was not denied and the evidence made sickening reading. The capture and transport of wild animals is a hazardous business at best: a large proportion of them never reach their destination and we should like to see the business of exploiting the beauty of such beasts for commercial purposes abolished.

THE USES OF ADVERTISEMENT

Next week we commence a series of articles on advertising, its social effects, its costs, its function as a technique of persuasion, the opportunities it offers as a career, its direct and indirect influence on the press, its relation to industrial design and the interplay between it and the transformation now proceeding in the distributive trades.

These articles will be published at intervals and will be written in non-technical language.

THE FOURTH OF JULY

IT was certainly an odd coincidence that Mr. Roosevelt's very undiplomatic note should have reached the public on July 4th. To most people—and particularly to the American delegation, who have been shedding apologetic tears all over the corridors of the Geological Museum—the message seemed an unnecessarily blunt reminder of American independence of Europe. After all, it was Mr. Roosevelt who drew up the outline programme for the Conference, with Mr. MacDonald; it was Mr. Roosevelt who, as recently as May 16th, urged stabilisation upon the London Conference. To the charge of inconsistency we take it that Mr. Roosevelt would reply in the words of the most famous American poet: "I contradict myself; well then, I contradict myself." But there are sometimes very good reasons for contradicting yourself.

Of course, the French do not like being called fetish worshippers, and Europeans as a whole must be forgiven for complaining that America has once again proved a slippery customer in negotiation; that when she has taken part in European conferences, as she did in 1919 and on several occasions since, she has withdrawn at a critical moment, either because the President has not agreed with Congress or because he has not agreed with himself. Now these are natural reactions to Mr. Roosevelt's message, but they are not useful reactions. For there may be a purpose in the President's bluntness. We know that he penned this note with his own hand; he wrote it in that new diplomatic style of which Theodore Roosevelt was an early exponent, and which has been more recently used by Lord Snowden at the Hague, by Mr. De Valera (in that case Mr. Thomas complained that it was "not done"), by Dr. Schacht, by the M.C.C. addressing Australia, and by any English statesman dealing with the Soviet Government. It is the style of a man who feels provoked beyond bearing; it is the "cut-the-cackle-I-really-won't-argue-any-more" style. Its object is to jolt the other fellow into realising that for once, and in spite of whatever was said last week, the speaker really means what he says now.

If this interpretation is correct we must ask what provocation has forced Mr. Roosevelt into this style of diplomacy, and, more important, whether, from the point of view of a person who wants to stave off economic collapse, the policy he now proposes to adopt is right or wrong. As to provocation, he has surely had plenty of it. The gold standard countries, with our assent if not our positive help (for Great Britain has been trying to keep in with both sides), have continued to bombard him with formulae about stabilisation and the gold standard long after it had become plain that he would refuse to give his assent to any declaration that might tie his hands. They have been unprepared to take "No" for an answer, and finally announced that unless he would at least pledge himself to a return to gold some time they proposed to pack up and go home. The return to gold is thus erected into an article of faith to which all the leading countries must subscribe as a condition of the Conference being allowed to go on at all. It is not Mr. Roosevelt, but the "gold" countries, that have been flinging about ultimata.

Now it is natural that the "gold" countries should be afraid of the effect on their own position of a determined

inflationary policy in the United States. If the dollar falls much farther, and they remain pegged to gold, what is to happen to their external trade? They will lose a large part of their exports, and very likely be impelled, instead of lowering tariffs, to raise them higher still as a protection against exchange depreciation. There is peril of a new tariff war, as well as of a competitive race in currency depreciation, among the countries which do not remain on gold. American inflation does open up very big problems for the rest of the world, and, above all, for those countries which are set on following a deflationary policy, despite their lip service to the aim of raising world prices.

But these dangers which seem to arise out of the American policy are, in part at least, our own fault. There is no reason to believe that Mr. Roosevelt wants the dollar to be worth less pounds or francs, *i.e.*, that he wants currency depreciation for its own sake. What he does want is that the dollar shall be worth less goods, *i.e.*, that prices shall rise in the United States and in the world as a whole. It will therefore suit him much better if other countries will follow—to the smaller extent required by their differing conditions—a policy of reflation in harmony with that which he is following in America. If that is done, the depreciation of the dollar will soon be checked by a rise in prices in Europe as well as in the United States.

But this is just what the "gold" countries flatly refuse to do, and what even we, despite our talk about our wish to raise prices, show no sign of being prepared to do in practice. In effect, our recent policy has made us part of a deflationary "gold" *bloc* which has been following a policy directly contrary to Mr. Roosevelt's. We have acted, in relation to America, as the messenger-boys of the "gold" countries, and that is about all.

Yet our real interests surely lie far more in collaborating with President Roosevelt, and trying to turn his reflationary policy from one of economic nationalism into a means of expanding prices and employment on an international scale. If we would join the Americans in effective reflation—which we should only need to do on a much smaller scale—we could together make the position of the deflationists untenable, and force on a world-wide scale the expansion of business and of prices which we profess to desire.

To say this is not to endorse all that the President has said in his message. He seems not fully to appreciate the grave difficulties involved in his policy of stabilising internal prices. But that can wait further discussion, for his immediate object is not to stabilise prices but to raise them. For this purpose the case for courageous action on our part is now stronger than ever, since at length we can act with the assurance of American co-operation. The danger is from the deflationists, who are seizing the opportunity to urge, in private at least, that since things are improving here we can afford to do nothing, and leave President Roosevelt to carry the entire burden of positive measures designed to bring the slump to an end. Prices are still ruinous and debts impossibly high for many British businesses. At the present rate of advance—even if it were to continue—it will take years to make any great impression on the volume of unemployment.

The case then for Mr. Roosevelt is that he has apparently made up his mind upon a policy which may, if properly handled, give the United States and the rest of us, if we follow suit, at least a temporary prosperity; the alternative is the perpetual depression that comes from deflation. For Capitalism it is a choice between answering its critics by attempting to adapt itself to new conditions and embarking on new experiments, or, in effect, throwing up the sponge and accepting as inevitable the old unordered and dishonoured way which offers, as we all know, no hope for the mass of mankind.

NATIONAL SELF-SUFFICIENCY

I

I WAS brought up, like most Englishmen, to respect Free Trade not only as an economic doctrine which a rational and instructed person could not doubt but almost as a part of the moral law. I regarded departures from it as being at the same time an imbecility and an outrage. I thought England's unshakable Free Trade convictions, maintained for nearly a hundred years, to be both the explanation before man and the justification before heaven of her economic supremacy. As lately as 1923 I was writing that Free Trade was based on fundamental truths "which, stated with their due qualifications, no one can dispute who is capable of understanding the meaning of the words."

Looking again to-day at the statements of these fundamental truths which I then gave, I do not find myself disputing them. Yet the orientation of my mind is changed; and I share this change of mind with many others. Partly, indeed, my background of economic theory is modified. I should not charge Mr. Baldwin, as I did then, with being "a victim of the Protectionist fallacy in its crudest form," because he believed that, in the existing conditions, a tariff might do something to diminish British unemployment. But mainly I attribute my change of outlook to something else—to my hopes and fears and pre-occupations, along with those of many or most, I believe, of this generation throughout the world, being different from what they were. It is a long business to shuffle out of the mental habits of the pre-war nineteenth-century world. But to-day, at last, one-third of the way through the twentieth century, we are most of us escaping from the nineteenth; and by the time we reach its mid-point it is likely that our habits of mind and what we care about will be as different from nineteenth-century methods and values as each other century's has been from its predecessor's. It may be useful, therefore, to attempt some sort of a stocktaking, of an analysis, of a diagnosis, to discover in what this change of mind essentially consists.

What did the nineteenth-century Free Traders, who were amongst the most idealistic and disinterested of men, believe that they were accomplishing?

They believed—and perhaps it is fair to put this first—that they were being perfectly sensible, that they alone were clear-sighted, and that the policies which sought to interfere with the ideal international division of labour were always the offspring of ignorance out of self-interest.

In the second place, they believed that they were solving the problem of poverty, and solving it for the world as a whole, by putting to their best uses, like a good housekeeper, the world's resources and abilities.

They believed, further, that they were serving not merely the survival of the economically fittest but the great cause of liberty, of freedom for personal initiative and individual gift, the cause of inventive art and the fertility of the untrammelled mind against the forces of privilege and monopoly and obsolescence.

They believed, finally, that they were the friends and assurers of peace and international concord and economic justice between nations, and the diffusers of the benefits of progress.

And if to the poet of that age there sometimes came strange feelings to wander far away where never comes the trader and catch the wild goat by the hair, there came also with full assurance the comfortable reaction :

> I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,
> Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains !

II

What fault have we to find with this ? Taking it at its surface value—none. Yet we are not, many of us, content with it as a working political theory. What is wrong ?

To begin with the question of peace. We are pacifist to-day with so much strength of conviction that, if the economic internationalist could win this point, he would soon recapture our support. But it does not now seem obvious that a great concentration of national effort on the capture of foreign trade, that the penetration of a country's economic structure by the resources and the influence of foreign capitalists, that a close dependence of our own economic life on the fluctuating economic policies of foreign countries, are safeguards and assurances of international peace. It is easier, in the light of experience and foresight, to argue quite the contrary. The protection of a country's existing foreign interests, the capture of new markets, the progress of economic imperialism—these are a scarcely avoidable part of a scheme of things which aims at the maximum of international specialisation and at the maximum geographical diffusion of capital wherever its seat of ownership. Advisable domestic policies might often be easier to compass, if, for example, the phenomenon known as " the flight of capital " could be ruled out. The divorce between ownership and the real responsibility of management is serious within a country when, as a result of joint stock enterprise, ownership is broken up between innumerable individuals who buy their interest to-day and sell it to-morrow and lack altogether both knowledge and responsibility towards what they momentarily own. But when the same principle is applied internationally, it is, in times of stress, intolerable—I am irresponsible towards what I own and those who operate what I own are irresponsible towards me. There may be some financial calculation which shows it to be advantageous that my savings should be invested in whatever quarter of the habitable globe shows the greatest marginal efficiency of capital or the highest rate of interest. But experience is accumulating that remoteness between ownership and operation is an evil in the relations between men, likely or certain in the long run to set up strains and enmities which will bring to nought the financial calculation.

I sympathise, therefore, with those who would minimise, rather than with those who would maximise, economic entanglement between nations. Ideas, knowledge, art, hospitality, travel—these are the things which should of their nature be international. But let goods be homespun whenever it is reasonably and conveniently possible ; and, above all, let finance be primarily national. Yet, at the same time, those who seek to disembarrass a country of its entanglements should be very slow and wary. It should not be a matter of tearing up roots but of slowly training a plant to grow in a different direction.

For these strong reasons, therefore, I am inclined to the belief that, after the transition is accomplished, a greater measure of national self-sufficiency and economic isolation between countries than existed in 1914 may tend to serve the cause of peace, rather than otherwise. At any rate the age of economic internationalism was not particularly successful in avoiding war ; and if its friends retort that the imperfection of its success never gave it a fair chance, it is reasonable to point out that a greater success is scarcely probable in the coming years.

Let us turn from these questions of doubtful judgment, where each of us will remain entitled to his own opinion, to a matter more purely economic. In the nineteenth century the economic internationalist could probably claim with justice that his policy was tending to the world's great enrichment, that it was promoting economic progress, and that its reversal would have seriously impoverished both ourselves and our neighbours. This raises a question of balance between economic and non-economic advantage of a kind which is not easily decided. Poverty is a great evil ; and economic advantage is a real good, not to be sacrificed to alternative real goods unless it is clearly of an inferior weight. I am ready to believe that in the nineteenth century two sets of conditions existed which caused the advantages of economic internationalism to outweigh disadvantages of a different kind. At a time when wholesale migrations were populating new continents, it was natural that the men should carry with them into the New Worlds the material fruits of the technique of the Old, embodying the savings of those who were sending them. The investment of British savings in rails and rolling stock to be installed by British engineers to carry British emigrants to new fields and pastures, the fruits of which they would return in due portion to those whose frugality had made these things possible, was not economic internationalism remotely resembling in its essence the part ownership of the A.E.G. of Germany by a speculator in Chicago, or of the municipal improvements of Rio de Janeiro by an English spinster. Yet it was the type of organisation necessary to facilitate the former which has eventually ended up in the latter. In the second place, at a time when there were enormous differences in degree in the industrialisation and opportunities for technical training in different countries, the advantages of a high degree of national specialisation were very considerable.

But I am not persuaded that the economic advantages of the international division of labour to-day are at all comparable with what they were. I must not be understood to carry my argument beyond a certain point. A considerable degree of international specialisation is necessary in a rational world in all cases where it is dictated by wide differences of climate, natural resources, native aptitudes, level of culture and density of population. But over an increasingly wide range of industrial products, and perhaps of agricultural products also, I become doubtful whether the economic cost of national self-sufficiency is great enough to outweigh the other advantages of gradually bringing the producer and the consumer within the ambit of the same national, economic and financial organisation. Experience accumulates to prove that most modern mass-production processes can be performed in most countries and climates with almost equal efficiency. Moreover, as wealth increases, both primary and manufactured products play a smaller relative part in the national economy compared with houses, personal services and local amenities which are not the subject of international exchange ; with the result that a moderate increase in the real cost of the former consequent on greater national self-sufficiency may cease to be of serious consequence when weighed in the balance against advantages of a different kind. National self-sufficiency, in short, though it costs something, may be becoming a luxury which we can afford if we happen to want it. Are there sufficient good reasons why we may happen to want it ?

J. M. KEYNES

(To be concluded)

A LONDON DIARY

OWING to the resolute refusal of this paper to give away anything for nothing, I understand that its circulation is still rather below the two-million mark. For six months past the Big Three—*Daily Mail*, *Express* and *Herald*—have been racing hard towards this giddy goal in a strange contest of reader-bribing that began with the *Herald's* Dickens offer and went on with an organised canvass, by trained teams, of the areas thought likeliest to respond to the lure of free gifts and cash prizes. (The Beaverbrook papers have since been telling the printable half of the story.) The *Herald* was in the lead ; insiders believe it could have announced its two million some time ago, but it held on for a net sales certificate and a winning

margin—held on too long. The *Express* clapped on hot and hidden pressure in the straight, and then, on June 30th, a tempest of telegrams told advertisers and their agents that another world's record had fallen to Lord Beaverbrook. Doing its best, the *Herald* followed a day or two later, with no better news than the first *certified* two million.

* * * *

But some of my advertising friends tell me that though Beaverbrook has won the sprint their money is on Odhams for the distance event. The very readiness and gaiety with which, having reached its goal, the *Express* threw stones from its Fleet Street glasshouse by telling "inside stories" of its own and its rivals' outlay and methods has suggested to watchful eyes that, in doubt of keeping up to its own figure, it is covering retreat by belittling the value of mushroom circulation and the methods that gain it. Meantime, the poor old *Daily Mail*, which got within call of two millions once, about seven years ago, is consoling itself with the reflection that, two millions or no, it still asks—and gets—the highest advertising rate. The *News Chronicle* has been conforming quietly to some of the plans devised by its competitors, but it appears to be emerging from the turmoil with much less disturbance to its advertising revenue and its dignity.

* * *

The very oddest feature of the whole affair is that these three newspapers have between them added close on a million to their circulation in the last six months, without any obvious difference to any other national paper. Part of the explanation may lie in a continuance or acceleration of that drop in the sales of some of the provincial morning newspapers which has been going on for a few years past. But almost certainly the great bulk of the new "national" readers are new to all daily newspapers. Until this last drive the morning newspapers of the country were selling less than 12 million copies a day against the 16 million of the Sundays, so that even yet there are vast fields for the barons and Mr. Elias to make their own. Much of the new circulation will fall away when it has saved up its coupons and got its gifts, but, judging by past experience, much of it will stay. It is hardly surprising that people should eventually give way to the lure of free insurance for half a dozen years, should be unable to resist silk stockings, cases of tea knives, pairs of boots, and job-lot editions of the classics. The serious aspect of the matter is that journalism should every day become more of a commercial speculation and that the populace should be induced to choose its newspaper by these singularly irrelevant attractions.

* * *

In this Land of Liberty it is a misdemeanour (as a disgusting incident in the Courts has just reminded us) to sleep out of doors. One might suppose that to eat or drink out of doors was likewise an offence, so little provision is made in London and our other big cities for those who wish to indulge in these exotic pleasures. After all, summer—even though not a summer like this—does come to England every year. Why are there not more and better restaurants in London parks and open spaces? I am told that the reason for the absence of outdoor cafés in the London streets is not the climate—there are such cafés in the other Northern capitals—but the L.C.C.'s objection to any obstruction of the pavements. Yet there are uncrowded pavements which positively ask for café tables, the north side of Brompton Road, for instance, and Lower Regent Street, and Park Lane and Kingsway, and the upper part of Shaftesbury Avenue, and the north side of Piccadilly opposite the Park, to say nothing of the squares and a hundred smaller oases. (A promising start on a small scale has just been made in Lincoln's Inn Fields.) I should like to see licences given to Lyons and any other reputable firm which would open cafés in the streets. But the Prohibitionists are powerful, and the rest of us must sweat in pubs. Similarly with arcades, which are perfectly adapted to the London climate, and which would effect invaluable economies in street space. Obviously Regent Street and Park Lane should have been given covered pavements like the Rue de Rivoli, and I believe Sir Edwin Lutyens had a scheme for running one the whole length of Park Lane. But this was turned down, I am told, because such arcades would give shelter to prostitutes. So the traffic jams continue, without the alleviation which would be afforded by the addition of a pavement under the first floor of new buildings, and we all get wet through, to prevent a few members of a sweated and unhygienic profession from keeping their feet dry on rainy nights.

* * *

I see with deep regret that Roy Calvert is dead. He was one of the most devoted and disinterested of men. Professionally, he was far more than an expert on capital punishment, on which he wrote a classic book; he was a mine of information on all matters relating to courts, prisons and criminals, and among propagandists he was the quickest to distinguish between common sense and sentimentalism, the readiest to help and the soundest to advise.

* * *

I understand that the September issue of *Life and Letters* will be devoted entirely to the work of young writers, *i.e.* those born since the death of Queen Victoria (January 22nd, 1901). Contributions must reach the Editors during July and should be addressed to 10 Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2.

* * *

Good stories have been going round about the results of the attempt made by an American wireless company to persuade passers-by to broadcast their views on the Economic Conference from the pavement of Piccadilly. The best of these appears in the *Week*. A woman, who is said to have been taken for a Society debutante, was brought to the microphone. Petrified with sudden stage fright, she gazed into the microphone and said: "World Conference? I don't know a thing about it, dearie. Is that all you want from me?"

* * *

English Society is a wonderful thing. We may be living on a volcano, tottering on an abyss; wars may be smouldering and bankruptcy imminent; civilisation may be ending. But calm and unruffled rolls on the London season. It is brilliant this year. It is symbolic of the English people. We do not meet trouble half-way.—*Daily Mail.*

* * *

In other words Mr. MacDonald was asked whether or not the British Government would join in a general stabilisation of European currencies. I understand that Mr. MacDonald promised to issue a declaration of sympathy with the countries still on the gold standard, in which the hope would be expressed that no other countries would go off it. It was, however, stated in French official quarters this evening that this declaration has been postponed.—A Special Correspondent in the *Manchester Guardian.*

* * *

Lady Anne Rhys might well be described as the busiest young married woman in London. She is receiving lessons in motor-car driving, contract bridge playing and golf. She is chairman of a charity ball and she is being painted by Sir John Lavery. In addition she is running her own house.—*Star.*

CRITIC

WHY PACIFISTS ARE INEFFECTIVE

THE rational case against war is overwhelming, so overwhelming that it scarcely seems worth making. But although we all agree that war is cruel, destructive, stupid, brutalising, and unchristian, the enthusiasm of mankind for war seems unabated. Not only do we spend money like water for the privilege of engaging in it, but we are prepared to devote all our noblest qualities to its service. Shaw's jibe that the one thing which can unite men in a common fervour of loyalty and enthusiasm is the one thing that they all know to be wrong is still true, while the suffering and sacrifice and uncomplaining heroism which war has demanded, had they only been given to causes which mankind deems comparatively ignoble, could, in the million years of man's existence, have eliminated the need for most of the physical suffering in the world altogether.

And, reflecting upon these facts, one is tempted to ask whether mankind is incorrigible. Is there, one wonders, some flaw in our make-up, some taint that we have inherited from the primaeval slime which, by making it impossible for us to live at peace with one another, prevents human civilisation from rising above a certain level?

These questions have been to a large extent ignored by pacifists who, while sometimes conceding the existence of a vaguely conceived impulse of pugnacity, for which sublimation is recommended in sport, exploration or mountain climbing, devote their energies to moral appeals and their intellects to historical and economic analysis. Dr. Glover* has now attempted to answer them by investigating on psycho-analytical lines the fundamental impulses of human nature, and, broadly speaking, his answer is in the affirmative.

Why is it, he asks, that pacifist propaganda, in spite of the overwhelming rational arguments which we all recognise, remains ineffective? Pacifists, he answers, fall into two classes. There are those who base their propaganda on categorical imperatives—"Do not kill," they say, "it is wicked"—and those who are inspired by an economic dislike of waste and destruction—"Do not kill," they say, "we can prove to you that it does not pay." But neither of these appeals goes to the root of the matter, and we are recommended a third way of approaching the fact of bellicosity, the way of medical psychology. This reveals "war as a manifestation of conflict between human impulses . . . a mass insanity . . . provided you remember that insanity is simply a dramatic attempt to deal with individual conflict, a curative process initiated in the hope of preventing disruption." The failure to recognise this fact is the "fundamental flaw in the technique of peace propaganda." If you would avoid war, says Dr. Glover in effect, "study human beings; study in particular the impulses of aggression, and study them first where they are most readily open to inspection in yourself." If he were to formulate a commandment for pacifists, it would be "Know thine own (unconscious) sadism."

What, according to Dr. Glover's analysis, does the study reveal? The answer, shorn of its distressingly technical psycho-analytical terminology, is briefly as follows. The impulses that make for war are primal in human beings. Two groups may be distinguished, the second derivative from the first. First there is sadism; this is not itself simple, but is a mixture of aggressive or destructive impulses ("in all individuals a stage of development occurs in which the infliction of some sort of pain becomes an aim in itself. In this respect man is almost unique among animals") and of love impulses. Babies bite, worry and otherwise mishandle their toys; the sexual pervert hurts the person he loves. These impulses are normally repressed, with varying degrees of effectiveness; but the repression is never complete, and the impulses are always looking, as it were, for chinks in its armour through which they may escape and discharge themselves. Now war-mongering provides an admirable channel for their discharge, admirable because society not only does not disapprove and penalise, but on this occasion actually approves. Thus war "is not merely an economic or self-preservatory necessity. It serves to divert impulses which, left unsatisfied, are potentially sources of familial or tribal disintegration."

The channels along which the sadistic impulses operate to promote warfare are many and varied; a few only have been charted. There is, for example, the sadistic pleasure that even the most humane of us may discover in ourselves when we hear of sufferings we need not share. With a curious, but unacknowledged, joy we read that the streets of Shanghai are running with blood, as, sitting down to a substantial breakfast, we crisply open the morning paper. Again, we all long for unity and intimacy with our fellow males in order to reassure our unconscious disquietude at our (again unconscious) recognition of their instinctive hostility as rivals. The outbreak of war ensures precisely the friendly unity which peace too often denies. It is for this reason that as members of a crowd we derive pleasure from feeling righteously indignant, shocked, outraged, even terribly frightened, provided that we all feel these things together. Dr. Glover draws two conclusions. First, you cannot successfully stifle impulses by merely inhibiting them. Hence, if war is the result of the discharge of sadistic impulses, international inhibitions in the shape of pacts, arguments, sanctions, and disarmament treaties are useless. "It is the dynamic impulse that matters, not the technique of gratifying the impulse." Secondly, we must not allow people whose impulses are inadequately repressed to take charge of foreign affairs. An illuminating passage exhibits statesmen standing on their diplomatic dignities as a preliminary to engaging in diplomatic conflicts as the lineal descendants of turkey-cocks in farm-yards, babies in nurseries and boys at preparatory schools.

The second group of impulses is the masochistic. You can prove to demonstration that war does not pay, that it is economically disastrous to the victors as well as to the vanquished. You can do more—you can expose, as Sir Norman Angell justly claims to have done†, "the assumptions which caused the nations to adopt a method of defence which is self-defeating"; you can "make plain the fallacy of those assumptions in terms of the obvious facts of the modern world"; and yet in defiance of the demonstration that war means cutting off our nose to spite our face we continue to prepare for it. Why? Because Dr. Glover replies, being masochists, we rather like spiting our own faces. Masochism turns the mixed impulses of aggression and love which constitute sadism inwards upon the self. The extreme masochist enjoys flogging himself or being flogged by those he loves; the more moderate masochist enjoys humiliating himself, endangering himself, being subjected to drill and discipline, being bullied by sergeants, enduring discomfort and hardship; he also likes "friendly, helpful and self-sacrificing association with his Brothers in Arms." In a somewhat different vein we all enjoy saying that the next war will see the end of our civilisation, that human affairs have passed beyond the limits of human control; we like, in a word, to gloat over gloom in the present and prophesy increasing gloom in the future. Now war provides the occasion *par excellence* for gloating.

Suppose for a moment that Dr. Glover is right in maintaining that war affords a natural outlet for primal impulses; what right have we to suppose that it can ever be stopped? Dr. Glover is not encouraging. First of all he wants more information. Research into the nature of the primal human impulses, both sadistic and masochistic, is in its infancy. To carry out this research will take a good fifty years; meanwhile, subsidiary information on such questions as "how many dictators, foreign secretaries, diplomats and peace delegates suffer from psycho-sexual impotence, or have a secret fear of impotence" would be valuable. Until we have this information, action to stop war would be futile or disastrous, as disastrous as the attempts of surgeons in the last century to deal with organic diseases by dropping drastically upon their incidental symptoms, opening up abdomens, stitching kidneys, or applying body-belts. The rush to do something must, then, be suspended until we know more. What answer, for example, would psychologists give to the question: "Should young children be allowed to play with popguns or not?" Dr. Glover examines the probable answers which would be given by half a dozen different schools of psychology; the results of the examination are not impressive. In the absence, then, of complete data, Dr. Glover refuses on the basis of his diagnosis to suggest a cure, and beyond a few not very startling suggestions, such as that young children should be given greater scope for play, and that they should be brought up in an atmosphere of love instead of in an environment of mingled hate, anxiety, jealousy and guilt, which displays of parental affection too often conceal, he declines to commit himself.

* *War, Sadism and Pacifism.* By Edward Glover. Allen and Unwin. 3s. 6d.

† *The Great Illusion* 1933. Heinemann. 6s.

But, he insists, the first five years of life holds the key to the situation.

Dr. Glover, I am convinced, goes too far. To accept all his views and their implications is to abrogate the function of reason in forming our beliefs, and to deny the freedom of the will in guiding our actions. Whether we are militarists or pacifists, whether we fight or go to prison, whatever, in short, we think and do is determined in his view by the way in which our unconscious impulses find their satisfaction; is determined that is, upon factors which are outside our control. Sir Norman Angell surely has the history of civilisation on his side when he argues in the new edition of his *Great Illusion* that we can, by reason and analysis, raise our "temperamental, largely unconscious, motives to a plane of the conscious," and learn to satisfy ourselves emotionally by a good policy instead of by a bad one. But although I do not agree with Dr. Glover's thesis in its entirety, I do not wish to criticise it. Pacifism, it is clear, has taken too little stock of men's primal impulses. Its propaganda has been addressed exclusively to their consciences and their reasons; hence its comparative ineffectiveness. Let us, then, be grateful to Dr. Glover for calling attention to factors of which most of us, obsessed by economics and ethics, have failed to take account. If he would only add to our knowledge of how to cope with them, our gratitude would be sensibly increased. C. E. M. JOAD

CRUELTY TO CLERGYMEN

As one who wishes well to the Church of England, I note with apprehension that a Sussex squire has left an instruction in his will that, when a new incumbent is being chosen for a living on his estate, preference shall be given to "a man who is a sportsman and not a total abstainer from alcohol or tobacco." Tests of some kind, I suppose, are necessary in the selection of a clergyman. It is desirable, most of us would agree, that a clergyman should not be an atheist. Even the most broadminded would agree that he should not be a fanatical and militant atheist. Again, he should not have committed any recent crimes, or at least not crimes of the major sort, such as murder, burglary with firearms, forgery or arson. It is preferable, on the whole, that he should not be married to more than one woman at a time. He should be able to read and write and to perform the ceremonies of baptism and marriage in a becoming manner. I should not protest even against his being subjected to a clothes test, for why should a clergyman not be compelled to dress like a clergyman? I have no desire to see shirts open at the neck and hikers' shorts in the pulpit. All these seem to me proper tests of a man's fitness to be a curate. Here there are no unwarrantable interferences with human freedom.

On the other hand, I should object vehemently to tests such as would restrict or warp a good man's personality. Thus I hold that an incumbent should be chosen on religious rather than political grounds. His politics should be left to himself like his diet at the table. It will be a bad day for the Church of England when it is announced that no one except Bolshevists and vegetarians need apply for ordination. One might as well limit the Church to Baconians or Stratfordians, to motorists or pedestrians. The fewer compulsions we have in the Church or elsewhere the better. A church that excludes half the best citizens from its service will be deprived of half its vigour. That, I am afraid, is what will happen if the Church of England officially adopts the policy of the Sussex squire and puts a ban on all who are not sportsmen and are total abstainers and non-smokers.

If it does, I foresee that one of its first difficulties, in laying down rules for the acceptance of candidates for ordination, will be to define the word "sportsman." I myself have been called a sportsman only once. It was by a racing tipster who waylaid me in the street and urged me to allow him to send me secret information about horses from Newmarket. In order to get rid of him I told him that I betted very little and then in so very small sums that I did not much care whether I won or lost. He wrung me warmly by the hand, while his eyes lit up with enthusiasm. "You're the kind of man I like," he declared, "—— a real sportsman. And just because I can see you're a real sportsman, I'm going to tell you one thing: don't miss Golden Bracelet in the three-thirty to-morrow. I go down on my bended knees and beseech you not to miss Golden Bracelet. It's a cert. Here's my address." And he thrust a dirty piece of paper bearing his address into my hand so that, if Golden Bracelet won, I should be able to communicate with him and get more like it. Of course, when I told him that I did not care whether I won or lost, I lied. I should care even if the bet were only a shilling. And here I think I resemble the real sportsman. King Edward was, as everybody knows, a real sportsman, and Mr. E. F. Benson has recently told us how angry King Edward got with his partner when he lost at cards. I have known a good many sportsmen, and some of them have scarcely been able to back a loser without being convinced that the jockey had lost the race on purpose. How often have I heard men speak bitterly of some poor horse that had never asked them to back him and that never won when they did? I heard a man in a Donegal hotel one night, at mention of a horse called Minnehaha, exclaim, with concentrated venom: "Minnehaha! I have bought that horse all but the tail!" Is it into this world of jangling suspicion and irresponsible hatred that the clergy of the future are to be precipitated? Must, too, the Newmans and the Puseys of the next generation be compelled to provide the right answer to an examination-paper which asks them: "What is the meaning of (*a*) 'backing a horse each way,' (*b*) 'ten to one the field,' (*c*) 'eight to one bar one,' (*d*) 'the distance'"? There is many an honest rector in England to-day who, if he went to a racecourse, would not even know how to place a bet with a bookmaker, and to whom the book of form would convey as little as a page of Hebrew conveys to a layman. Are his successors to be compelled to spend laborious nights and days nugging up such things, which, after all, bear very little relation to the question of our immortality? I myself am convinced that it is possible for a man, whether lay or cleric, to live the good life without knowing the difference between a classic race and a handicap; and, this being so, I am utterly opposed to any attempt to exclude from the service of the Church of England men of lofty character against whom no charge can be laid except that they are imperfectly acquainted with the pages of *Ruff's Guide to the Turf*.

Nor, if a sportsman is to be defined as a man who gallops after foxes on horseback, do I think that a clergyman should be compelled to be a sportsman in this sense. I believe that it is possible for a man to save his soul and the souls of other people without ever jumping over a five-barred gate. I am all for the right of fox-hunters, but still more—if that were possible—for the right of rectors. A fox's brush is good, but it is not the chief end of man. I doubt even whether knowledge of the other great sport called cricket—at least it was a sport until the last Test Matches—can rightly be made a matter of salvation. I have known fairly upright men who detested cricket. And the same is true of football. Does anybody sincerely believe that St. Peter inquires of petitioners at the gates what teams got relegated from the first division of the League in 1932? If ignorance of such things does not exclude a man from Heaven, neither should it exclude him from a Sussex pulpit.

As for tobacco and alcohol (as everybody except those who drink it calls it), why should we torture initiate parsons by forcing such unnatural drugs into their unwilling mouths? I speak as one who is neither a non-smoker nor a total abstainer, but who realises that there are many of the weaker brethren who have never been able to overcome their innate distaste for tobacco and alcohol. After all, it is no fun learning to smoke and drink. Certainly no tyrant ever subjected his victims to deadlier miseries than I endured at the age of five after smoking my first pipe. I would not willingly force such tortures on any fellow mortal as the price even of an archbishopric. It may be

replied that what a man—especially a clergyman—needs in this life is a resolute and disciplined character, and that there is no finer moral discipline than the persistent effort to love what one naturally loathes. The child is compelled to swallow his medicine, however distasteful; and it may be argued that on the same principle the dean should be compelled to go on smoking pipeful after pipeful of brown Cavendish, even though the chill sweat on his brow warns him that something worse than death is approaching. I doubt, however, whether we are all called upon to be heroes. It is in the little things of life, not in mighty exploits, that virtue is most surely tested. A man may be a good husband and father and yet go green before he has finished half a cigar.

Similarly, I have known almost saintly men who could not swallow a glass of whiskey, even as medicine, without making wry faces. Nature has implanted in all of us a deep dislike of tobacco and alcohol; and thousands of people, do what they will, can never overcome this distaste. One man finds that he gets drunk if he swallows a glass of champagne. Another feels rheumatism shooting through his bones if he sips a little white wine. Guinness, no doubt, is good for you and me, but may it not upset the suffragan Bishop? To me it seems that any man who would force a fellow human-being to drink either wine or water against his will is a persecutor; and I do not wish to see the spirit of persecution reviving in the Church of England. Hence, though I commend the spirit of the Sussex squire, I do not approve of his policy or wish to see it extended. I earnestly hope that the Church of England will always remember that it is no sin—or, at worst, a very venial sin—to be either a non-smoker or a teetotaller. Y. Y.

ON BEING A PAUPER

THERE is something about the very word pauper which strikes chill to the heart, as it does in the old poem—

> Rattle his bones over the stones,
> It's only a pauper whom nobody owns.

It is associated in most people's minds with other unpleasant terms like vagabond, tramp and vagrant.

Laws have been made against such individuals ever since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and people who came under the aegis of the Poor Law were supposed to be in some way responsible for their misfortunes; even if they were not, the treatment meted out to them was often harsh in the extreme. Every deterrent was put in the way of able-bodied men seeking Poor Relief, and a man who could not find work was considered a sturdy rogue if he dared to enter a Poor Law Institution. With the growth of unemployment and change in public opinion this attitude has gradually changed, till even the poor themselves are willing to apply for assistance before they completely starve, and the Report of 1909 on the subject has found expression more than twenty years later.

There was a great deal of public advertisement of the fact that the Poor Law was to be abolished by the Local Government Act of 1929; that Poor Relief as such was to be replaced by a far better thing called Public Assistance (happy phrase); that Relieving Officers were to go, and be replaced by Public Assistance Officers; and finally, that Public Health Committees were to take over and administer all public health departments of the Poor Law, including hospitals and other institutions.

This, however, has not been universally done in the last four years, as an unfortunate patient found to his cost when, on December 11th, 1932, he was taken with a broken leg into a Poor Law Institution called Whipps Cross Hospital, having first been knocked down by an L.C.C. tramcar; thereby adding insult to injury, the L.C.C. being the Public Health Authority for London (but not for Essex). On admission he was stripped, probably forcibly washed, and the money found on him, £7 in notes and 8*s.* in silver and copper, *besides two handkerchiefs* (the italics are my own), were removed. At the end of eight weeks, when we assume that his leg was healed, he was discharged from the hospital and applied for refund of the money; but having entered a Poor Law Hospital he became technically a pauper and unable to possess any funds! According to a report in the press (*Times*, 24th June, 1933):

> When he left he applied for the money to be given back to him, but it was refused, and he was now told that it had been applied to his maintenance. He contended that this was a rate-maintained hospital, and that they had no right to detain the money. He was a certified public accountant, and had certainly never applied for relief. A fortnight after coming out he got a bill for £25 4*s.* 8*d.* for his maintenance, which he had not paid. When he left the hospital he had in his pocket only a few shillings, which was supplied by friends.

Even the judge was surprised, because he elicited information from the solicitor representing the Essex County Council, that, first the money is taken out of the injured man's pocket when he is helpless or unconscious, and that then he is turned penniless into the world. This all happened because West Ham had not taken over the hospital and did not administer it under its Public Health Committee, as could have been done by the 1929 Act. The patient would have to pay in either case. Let us suppose he had been taken to a general hospital instead.

Here no question of being a pauper would have arisen, and money found on admission is always given back on discharge; but every patient is assessed by a sympathetic lady almoner, instead of by an unknown official. Pay he must, whether as a pauper or ordinary private patient; but it is doubtful if he would have been charged more in a so-called "charitable" institution than in what the public imagines to be a place for *free* treatment, viz. £32 12*s.* 8*d.*, or at the rate of 4 gns. per week.

There are three possibilities before the victim of an accident at the present time; a voluntary, general or cottage hospital, run by private persons for the public good; municipal hospitals, under the control of the county or borough councils; and Poor Law hospitals, which are still administered under the old Poor Law by the local authority. Comparative figures would show wide variations in the charges made in each, but these are hard to find. Voluntary hospitals get their income from insurance schemes, from paying patients (all patients are paying at present) and from charitable entertainments. They also receive state grants.

Local authorities are fond of getting funds both ways. They levy rates for services they provide, then in addition they charge fees also for these services. This position is quite different from that which exists in the case of education, where no charge is made in the elementary schools, but the parent is fined if he dares to keep the child away from school for any unreasonable cause.

Another significant fact is that no charge is made for patients who go into fever hospitals, certainly not under the London County Council. It may be difficult for the public to understand why they should be pauperised for going to an infirmary, but not to the fever hospital, for both can be administered by the same authority, namely, the County Council. It does not really affect the rest of the world whether a patient dies quietly of a broken leg or an appendix abscess in his own home or in a publicly conducted institution.

The case is very different with infectious disease. The individual who goes about suffering from scarlet fever or diphtheria may give it to some other ratepayer who is travelling in the same public conveyance, or working beside him in a shop or factory; hence the almost universal existence of infectious diseases hospitals, where no charge is made for treatment. Indeed, patients who are unwilling to go or allow their children to be taken to such institutions are encouraged to let the case be nursed away from home, and free transport is sometimes provided both ways. So far as the writer is aware, such patients are never classed as "paupers."

To return to the case under discussion, the plaintiff, who was suing the Essex County Council for his £7 8*s.* 0*d.*, lost his case, and also had to pay the bill for £25 4*s.* 8*d.*, and the costs of the defendants.

There seems to be some division of opinion as to how to cope with sickness in the modern world. On the one hand, we have wireless talks, health weeks, and innumerable books

urging people to seek medical advice at the earliest possible moment, and to go into hospitals rather than be nursed at home. Then, on the other hand, we realise from the above case that when they go into hospitals payment is exacted to the limit of their possibility to pay; even where hospitals are taken over by the County Council and administered under the Public Health Acts this payment is also demanded, though without the accompanying stigma of pauperisation.

STELLA CHURCHILL

Correspondence

THE ANTI-WAR MOVEMENT

SIR,—As one present at Bermondsey last March and eager to work with all opponents of war, may I stress a point ignored by the Chairman in his letter? He is concerned because the leaders of the Labour Party, apparently afraid lest their followers by uniting with Communists in the British Anti-war Movement may be led astray, will not support his organisation. Neither he nor Transport House need worry about this, for we of the rank and file are quite able to look after ourselves. We just want to be sure that non-Communists can really feel at home in the Movement.

In spite of what Mr. Brown says about the composition of the Bermondsey Conference, I have no hesitation in saying that the atmosphere was such as to make delegates like myself feel decidedly uncomfortable. We went to what we thought was an anti-war gathering and yet came to feel that we were actually attending a demonstration in favour of the class war. The chairman will remember that one or two speakers who explained that they were pacifists were subjected to continual interruption, while a Communist who spoke of the glories of the coming struggle against the hated capitalist class was enthusiastically received. Moreover, Mr. Harry Pollitt, while moving an emergency resolution dealing with the German situation, was allowed to make a long and bitter attack upon the Social Democratic Party and to point what he considered to be the moral for Britain. Can we really be expected to co-operate enthusiastically in such circumstances?

Communists are entitled to argue that war can only be abolished by means of another war to end war and to build up an anti-war movement on that basis. But they are not entitled to invite those who do not accept this point of view to join under false pretences. We sceptics are prepared to make allowances for ultra-religious enthusiasts, whether of the Communist or Catholic brand, who are so sure of their own path to salvation that they cannot conceive of any other, but there is a limit to our patience. We can only come into a movement which really works for ideals that we share and by methods that we can accept. On no other basis can a real united front be established and, whatever evidence may be forthcoming to prove on paper the all-embracing character of the Anti-war Movement, some of us will be more easily convinced by an attempt to improve the atmosphere of its next conference.

Bredon, Buckhurst Hill, Essex. F. S. MARSTON (Delegate of the Teachers' Anti-war Movement)

THE IRISH TARIFF WAR

SIR,—Your correspondent "Irishman" has missed the point of my letter.

My point is that tariff warfare is a misconceived and extremely wasteful method of quarrelling over a justiciable dispute about the true purport of deeds and documents. This particular tariff warfare is busily destroying commerce and wealth at a moment when great international efforts are being multiplied for the purpose of creating more commerce and wealth to save these islands, Europe and the world from an economic cataclysm. There is really no room for controversy as to which country began this Anglo-Irish tariff warfare. The British Government was the first to impose special tariffs on Irish Free State imports into Britain. Ireland, admittedly, then—but not till then—retaliated.

It is no answer to my point to suggest, as "Irishman" does, that the Irish Free State is in the wrong regarding the law or the merits of the dispute about the annuities. There are other and better methods of pursuing such a controversy or attaining a settlement than cutting off your own economic nose to spite the other party's economic face. And, if there were not, then inaction would be less mischievous than a warfare which settles nothing.

I did not express a view as to which country was in the right in the original quarrel, but I do not agree with "Irishman" that the Irish Free State case is bad. I must note in passing, however, his admission that the agreements which he censures Mr. De Valera for not honouring "did not conform to the Constitution." This, oddly enough, he regards as a "technicality" which Britain could not be expected to notice. Britain, however, does notice such "technicalities" when it is dealing with the U.S.A. How much more, therefore, is it bound to do so when the Irish Free State Constitution is embodied in its own statute law? In my view, if Mr. De Valera or any other Irish Ministers suffered Ireland to be bound by an international agreement which was notoriously lacking in constitutional or legal sanction they would deserve to be impeached.

But, to conclude, I urge that, in view of the general economic situation, there should be tariff peace instead of tariff war—and that a restoration of tariff peace would provide the most suitable conditions in which to seek for a negotiated settlement of the dispute about the annuities.

HENRY HARRISON

London.

SIR ARTHUR SALTER'S NOTEBOOK

SIR,—May I, while expressing my deep appreciation of your extremely generous review of my book *The United States of Europe*, comment upon two points in it?

The first is one in which I agree with you as against myself—myself of 1919.

I agree with you that, all things considered, no better choice could have been made for the seat of the League than Geneva. Writing in 1919, under the influence (as I explained in the prefatory note) of the special environment of the Peace Conference, I made a disparaging comment on Geneva, which I had never then seen except once as a boy. I rapidly realised that Geneva was a wise choice. You refer to my "well-known aversion." It is true that, as a matter of purely personal idiosyncrasy, I like to live in London, but I have never, since 1919, I think, questioned the advantages of Geneva both as a suitable headquarters for the League and also as a most attractive place of residence for all those who do not experience my particular nostalgia. How much better was the choice of the League than that of the Bank for International Settlements!

The second point is one in which you agree with an opinion I held in 1919 but immediately recanted when I saw the working of the Council at Geneva. I do not think it would be a good thing for the great countries who are near enough to Geneva for their foreign Ministers to be able to attend Council meetings to appoint resident National Secretaries at Geneva. The Secretaries would become Ministers or Ambassadors. They would often, and in time usually, act as substitutes for the Foreign Ministers on the Council. The personal participation of the Foreign Ministers and the influence of the international secretariat would both be diminished, and the Council would, in my view, change its character and become a kind of "Conference of Ambassadors."

I realise the force of your argument, but I think it is outweighed by this consideration.

ARTHUR SALTER

66 Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7.

THE EFFECTS OF POLICE-BOMBING

SIR,—Controversy has arisen in this country concerning the demand of the British delegates at Geneva that bombing from the air for police purposes should be allowed in outlying regions. In connection with this the following passage from Lord Baden-Powell's *Lessons from the Varsity of Life* (1933), p. 195, is of interest:

> Before bombing by airplanes came into vogue our enemies across the frontier and our own forces fought with a mutual liking and admiration. Waziristan is an example to-day. Formerly the most turbulent country, it was forced to become quiet by the establishment of fortified posts commanded by sympathetic, sportsmanlike officers. Roads were made and markets established. But bombing, whereby women and children have been killed, has produced a bitter feeling which will be much more difficult to subdue.

Cambridge. CLARA D. RACKHAM

HOW TO STOP HITLER

SIR,—The policy of the German Government in rearmament may easily lead to a declaration of war by France and her Allies. This, it is to be hoped, will happen in the near future.

Would it not be better for everyone if the pacifist and socialist organisations in France and England made it quite clear, as soon as possible, what attitude they will adopt in this emergency?

Charleston, Firle, Sussex. QUENTIN BELL

THE CAMARGO BALLET

SIR,—The remarks of your critic on the recent performances of ballet at Covent Garden by the Camargo Society show so extensive an ignorance of the conditions in which ballet can be suitably produced in London that a few comments may be in place.

Broadly speaking, there are three types of ballet which one would wish to keep alive: ballet on the grand scale, in the classical mode as a rule, or in the mixed modes of Diaghileff's earlier period; modern experimental ballet, generally too subtle and sophisticated in what it is attempting to convey to be adapted to the scale and distances of the great opera houses and better suited, therefore, to a modern theatre in which the whole audience is comparatively near to the stage; and what, by analogy, one might call Chamber Ballet, a direction in which it almost seemed that Diaghileff himself was moving in his latest phase. All are important and desirable, and none of them easily preserved or developed in the meanness and indignity of the modern age, when the idea of doing anything except on commercial criteria fills our civic moralists with horror. The line between the first type and the second, and the line between the second and the third are not so sharp that there are not some ballets capable of adaptation from the first to the second or from the second to the third; but it is usually clear in any particular case which style of presentation is the most appropriate. There is, or should be, no competition between any of them.

It has been the primary object of the Camargo Society to keep alive the two former types. Since the society was first founded for occasional performances, a permanent organisation has come into existence in the shape of the Vic-Wells Ballet—the only permanent organisation of the kind in Great Britain—with similar objects. Fortunately—though it seems unsuitable to your critic—these two organisations, having similar objects, have found it possible to work together in amity and co-operative endeavour. It has been the role of the Camargo Society to take advantage of occasional opportunities to appear in the West End with the somewhat ampler (though still insufficient) material means which are so necessary for ballet if it is to attain the highest standards.

Opportunities for ballet on the grand scale, such as occurred last week at Covent Garden, are exceedingly rare. Fortunately, when they occur, the public support is substantial, since, as is the case with opera, it is the limited class of established favourites, chosen from the very few ballets which have gained a permanent place in the repertories of the opera houses of the world, which attract a great audience. On the other hand, the experimental ballet, to which the Camargo Society is not less attached and to which throughout its existence it has devoted the whole of its financial resources, is frightfully expensive in relation to the public support which it can attract. The numerous experimental ballets, which the society has presented in the past three years, have never covered above two-thirds of their cost, even after including in the receipts the whole of the subscriptions of the Camargo members. The idea, therefore, that the presentation by the society of two of the masterpieces of ballet—one of which, by the way, has not been seen at Covent Garden in its two-act form for more than a generation—represents a betrayal of the modern ballet, can only occur to a mind which sees everywhere some occasion for grievance or competition—emotions so out of place, though, unluckily, so usual in enterprises of art.

To the third type, that of Chamber Ballet, Mme. Rambert and her Ballet Club have been making contributions which we all applaud and support. But your critic is an indiscreet friend carried away by amiable enthusiasm, who runs the risk of making Mme. Rambert ridiculous, when he suggests that it is her miniature ballets conceived for a piano and a fifteen-foot stage which the Camargo Society should have transferred to the vast spaces of Covent Garden. J. M. KEYNES

2nd July, 1933.

BIRD STUDY

SIR,—In America and other parts of the world anyone needing to know about the food, numbers, or habits of birds has a governmental department or official centre to which he may turn for help. But in the British Isles, where crops, forests, fisheries and animal diseases raise at least as many practical problems of this sort, there is no particular quarter from which such information can readily be obtained. This gap has lately become all the more serious because national bird censuses, the marking of migrants with numbered rings, and the new activity on the land have made the need for a G.H.Q. of bird observation and study much more urgent than it was before.

With a view to meeting this need many leading ornithologists have come together and worked out a scheme for a British Trust for Ornithology, which will attempt to enlist the voluntary co-operation of all interested, from whatever angle. The permanent centre of research, library and clearing-house for observations is to be an Institute of Ornithology at Oxford, which will be adopted by the University, but will correspond and work with all observers who are willing to take part, all over the British Isles, and will, so far as possible, answer questions touching the living bird. It will take over the interesting and successful scheme which has been going for six years at Oxford, and which has cleared up a good many questions about rookeries, homing problems, the fluctuations of swallows and house-martins, the number of birds on farmland, and other similar questions.

In order to carry on the scheme for five years, pending a permanent endowment, we need £8,000, payment of any part of which might be spread over the whole period. We cannot claim any more of your valuable space, but we would urge any of your readers who may be able to help by donations or otherwise to get this much-needed centre going to communicate at once with the acting Hon. Treasurer, B. W. Tucker, Esq., M.A., University Museum, Oxford, or with the acting Hon. Secretary, E. M. Nicholson, 58 Petty France, London, S.W.1. Either of these will gladly supply further information to those interested.

DESBOROUGH
GREY OF FALLODON (Chancellor of Oxford University)
JULIAN S. HUXLEY
P. CHALMERS MITCHELL
SCONE, M.P. (Chairman, British Trust for Ornithology)
E. L. TURNER
H. F. WITHERBY (President, British Ornithologists' Union)

ELBOW-ROOM IN THE PENNINES

SIR,—May I add one point to Critic's remarks last week? On these Pennines every year another path is adopted by motorists; the game begins when a motor cyclist takes his machine over for a lark or a boast. The small car follows and then the deluge. Packhorse road or "green lane" (drover's road) is gradually turned into a motor road, being finally tarred, and even widened or straightened a little when a few fatal accidents have occurred. In my 25 years' memory of tramping this has happened to more than a score of formerly pleasant ways hereabout. Kesegill Pass, a way from Harrogate to Bolton Abbey, is now impossible for the tramp at week-ends. It is not merely the stench and noise, it is the need for constant awareness and agility which destroy the ramble. And the Ministry of Transport has clamped the responsibility for dodging traffic on the pedestrian by "advising" him to walk on the right, facing oncoming traffic. Thus we are encroached upon at both ends by the closure of some ways and the improvement of others, and at a time of such a burgeoning of the roving spirit among lads and lasses as I had never hoped to see. Some outlet must be found. MARGARET NEWBOULT

17 Chesham Street, Bradford.

CAMBRIDGE MUSIC

Mr. P. E. Vernon, the Hon. Secretary of the Cambridge University Musical Society, writes: "In his article in the Travel Supplement of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, Mr. W. J. Turner very kindly drew attention to the Festival of English Music which is being held in Cambridge from July 30th—August 3rd. He also mentioned 'the almost complete absence of any valuable musical activity during the autumn, the winter and the spring, at either Oxford or Cambridge.' Might I present some facts which may modify the impression which this statement must have given to your readers?" He then gives a long and very impressive list of the activities of the University Musical Society, the Informal Music Club, the C.U. Musical Club, the various madrigal and amateur chamber orchestras or string quartets, and concludes—"In recent years the C.U.M.S. has given first performances in England of Kodaly's *Psalmus Hungaricus*, Patrick Hadley's Symphonic Ballad—'The trees so high,' and Rootham's

Ode on the Nativity; also the first stage performances (or else the first for over a hundred years) of Purcell's *The Fairy Queen* and *King Arthur*, Handel's *Semele*, Honegger's *King David*, and Rootham's *The Two Sisters*. At the time of the latter opera Mr. Turner himself wrote in the NEW STATESMAN (February 25th, 1922): 'At the present moment I suppose Cambridge is the most musical town in England.' In 1928 (February 25th) he was almost as complimentary. Since then he has not, I imagine, visited Cambridge, although he has habitually been invited to the C.U.M.S. performances."

[Mr. W. J. Turner, to whom we have shown Mr. Vernon's letter, replies: "I am glad to read the long list of Cambridge's musical activities. A certain number of these, for example those undertaken by the college musical societies, may be considered part of the academic musical training, and one does not include the performances of the students of music as part of the musical activities of London, valuable and indispensable as they are. Nor was I thinking of visiting musicians. Even Brighton has these; they are part of the culture of every town larger than a village. What made me say that Cambridge was the most musical town in England was the thought of such rare and admirable performances as those of *The Fairy Queen* and *King Arthur*. Perhaps I have been guilty of too great a vivacity of expression both in praise and blame."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

Miscellany

A NEW STORY BY TCHEHOV

FOREWORD

[In 1892 Tchehov left Moscow and bought a country house, Melihovo. He had for a long time ceased regularly to contribute humorous stories to the small comic papers in which his literary career had started, but he could still produce work in the genre he seemed to have abandoned for ever. Thus in March, 1892, he wrote to Leykin, the editor of "Splinters": "Here in the lap of nature I remembered the old days and I wrote a story and two small sketches in the old 'Splinters' manner." Leykin was delighted and on April 7th, 1892, the tales duly arrived. "I send you, dear Nicolai Alexandrovich," writes Tchehov, "my promised contributions. Use them as you please. I've taken a new pseudonym for the *story*, as I've given up 'Chehonte' and I want to keep Tchehov for stories of a different tone." Leykin acknowledged them on April 12th. ". . . Both the *story* and the sketches are delightful. Of course I'll put them in, not all together but as plums, through three numbers." On May 7th Leykin writes: "All three tales got through the censorship without any bad marks, two of them have already appeared in 'Splinters,' the third will appear in the 19th issue." As a matter of fact the third tale, "From an Old Teacher's Notebook," did not appear till the 21st number, possibly owing to Leykin's hesitation about the title. "The censors," he wrote, "do not like us to write about teachers, even old ones." From these letters it is clear that two of the tales must have appeared between April 12th and May 7th, i.e., in two of the three numbers 16, 17 or 18. In 16 we find the small piece "Fragment" under one of Tchehov's favourite pseudonyms, "The Man Without a Spleen." The *story* must therefore be found in 17 or 18, since Leykin had promised not to include two of Tchehov's tales in the one issue. The Schoolmaster tale has been called a "sketch." "A Fragment" which is similar in format must be classified in the same way and it remains to discover the "Story." L. Fridkis, the discoverer of the Story, proves conclusively that all possible articles in 17 are either too brief to be "stories" or of acknowledged authorship. In the 18th issue there is only one short story, it is that which follows. It is signed by the pseudonym "Grach" (Rook) and it is safe to conclude that it is the missing Tchehov story!]

THE STORY OF A COMMERCIAL VENTURE

ANDREY ANDREYEVICH SIDOROV inherited a fortune of four thousand roubles from his mother and decided to start a bookshop with his money. Some sort of shop like that was urgently needed. The town was steeped in ignorance and prejudice, it stagnated; old men walked to the baths, clerks sat over their cards tippling vodka, ladies gossiped, young people lived utterly without ideas, girls spent days on end dreaming about getting married or eating porridge, husbands beat their wives, and pigs roamed about the streets.

"Oh, for some ideas, more ideas!" thought Andrey Andreyevich. "Ideas!"

He rented a room for his shop, and, paying a visit to Moscow, returned with a stack of literature, old and new, and a number of schoolbooks, and he laid them all out invitingly along the shelves. For the first three weeks no customers appeared at all. Andrey Andreyevich sat behind his counter, read Michaelovsky and tried to keep his thoughts on a lofty plane. If, for example, it suddenly occurred to him that it wouldn't be a bad idea to have some fish and chips, he would immediately pounce on himself.

"Oh, how degrading!"

Every morning a shivering girl in a shawl and leather galoshes on her feet darted full-tilt into the shop and said: "Give me two kopek's worth of vinegar."

And Andrey Andreyevich replied, disdainfully: "You've mistaken the door, Madam!"

Whenever one of his friends paid him a visit, he put on an important, mysterious expression, took down the third volume of Pisaryev from a distant shelf, blew some dust off it and said, with a meaning look, as if he had something else in the shop which he was frightened to show:

"Yes, old man . . . that's a book and a half! I tell you straight that book'll make you sit up, believe me!"

"Well, look out you don't get into trouble!"

After three weeks the first customer came. He was a big, grey-haired individual with side-whiskers, and a forage cap with a red band on it, a country gentleman to all appearances. He asked for the second half of "Home Words."

"Have you not got any slate pencils?" he enquired.

"I don't stock them."

"Tut! What a pity! One doesn't want to have to go off to the market for a trifle like that. . . ."

"In point of fact, it *is* a pity I don't keep slate pencils," thought Andrey Andreyevich when his customer had gone out. "Here in the provinces one cannot specialise strictly; one must sell everything that has to do with culture or ministers to it in any way."

He wrote to Moscow, and before the month was out his shop-window was hung with pens, pencils, penholders, exercise books, slates and other school requisites. Boys and girls began to visit him quite often, and there even came a day when he made a net profit of one rouble forty kopeks. Once the girl in the leather galoshes flew into the shop full-tilt: he had opened his mouth to tell her with disdain that she had mistaken the door, but she screeched:

"Give me a kopek's worth of paper and a seven kopek stamp!"

After that Andrey Andreyevich began to stock stamps of all kinds, and even postal orders. Eight months from the day he opened the shop a lady came in to buy pens.

"Have you got school satchels?" she asked.

"Alas, Madam, I don't keep them."

"Oh, what a pity! In that case show me what dolls you have in stock, only not too dear."

"I haven't any dolls, either, Madam," said Andrey Andreyevich, unhappily.

He did not waste time thinking, he wrote to Moscow and soon satchels and dolls, tambourines, swords, concertinas, balls and all sorts of toys appeared in the shop.

"That's all trash," he said to his friends, "but wait a bit and I'll start school appliances and instructive games. The cultural side of my business, you see, will be based on the most precise deductions of science, if you take me."

He wrote for gymnastic apparatus, croquet, backgammon, nursery billiards, garden tools for children and a score of very clever educational games. Then one day the inhabitants of the town, as they passed his shop, saw to their great delight two bicycles, a big one and a slightly smaller one. Business went swimmingly. It was especially good just before Christmas when Andrey Andreyevich hung a notice in his window to the effect that he could supply decorations for Christmas trees.

"I'll give them a dose of hygiene, too, you know," he said to his friends, rubbing his hands. "Just let me get to Moscow

again! I'll have such a collection of filters and every kind of scientific improvement that you'll jump out of your skin. No, my dear chap, one can't ignore science. No, indeed!"

When he had made a pile of money, he went to Moscow and bought 5,000 roubles worth of goods, for cash and for credit. There were filters and excellent lamps for writing desks and guitars and sanitary drawers for children and feeding bottles and purses and zoological collections. In addition he bought 500 roubles worth of excellent china and was delighted with the purchase, for beautiful articles develop an elegant taste and refine the manners. When he returned home from Moscow he was busy arranging his new goods along the shelves and counters and, while he was climbing up to clear a high shelf, there was an avalanche and ten volumes of Michaelovsky, one after the other, came tumbling down from the shelf; one volume struck him on the head, the rest fell straight down on to the lamps and broke two globes.

"What a weight they make their blessed books!" muttered Andrey Andreyevich.

He collected all the books, tied them up firmly with string and hid them under the counter. Two days later he learnt that the grocer next door had been sentenced to penal servitude for torturing his nephew and that his shop was to be let. Andrey Andreyevich was very much pleased and decided to take it on. Soon a doorway had been pierced through the partition wall and the two shops thrown into one and crammed with goods; as a result customers coming into the new half of the shop continued to ask for tea, sugar and kerosene out of habit and Andrey Andreyevich without a second thought started a grocery business as well.

At the present time it is one of the handsomest stores in town. He deals in china, tobacco, tar, soap, buns, drapery, haberdashery, chandlery, rifles and skins and hams. He has rented a wine-merchant's cellar in the market and there is a rumour that he intends to open family baths with private rooms. The books which once upon a time used to lie about on the shelves have all been sold long ago, including the third volume of Pisaryev for one rouble five kopeks the pood. At birthdays and at weddings his former friends whom Andrey Andreyevich patronisingly calls "Americans" sometimes converse with him about progress and literature and other lofty matters.

"Have you read the last number of the 'Messenger of Europe,' Andrey Andreyevich?" they ask him.

"No, I haven't," he replies, frowning and playing with his heavy watch-chain. "It isn't in our line. We're concerned with more concrete matters."

PLAYS AND PICTURES

The Ballets of 1933 at the Savoy

Anna Anna, the most intriguing of the "Ballets 1933," might be more justly called a story acted, danced and sung, than a ballet. One supposes that the text was written first and set to music by Kurt Weill, who wrote the music, so wayward in its melodic lure, to that lovely blend of romance and realism, *l'opéra de quat'sous*; and that the whole was then arranged for dancers by Balanchine. The psychological idea of "the Siamese sisters that exist, indissolubly linked, in the nature of every woman" demands that the heroine's double appear physically on the stage (whence the title, *Anna Anna*). The prosaic double never actually dances; in a low, rather hoarse, voice, which subtly appears quite innocent of "production," but of which every word reached to the back of the house, Lotte Lenja, sometimes singing and sometimes reciting, tells us about the developing relationship of the two souls, while in an opposite corner of the stage the family, left somewhere up the Mississippi River, sing rather continuously, and less distinctly, in chorus, about their rising fortunes, and make improvements in the home as the money-bags roll in from Anna Anna. Tilly Losch's prosaic double has an indefinable charm which I do not find in the dancing Anna, though she dances her way with enormous brio and suppleness through the seven deadly sins; literally *through* them, for she dives, after each new sin, through the paper panel on which it is inscribed, leaving a fascinating, if accidental, pattern in the slashed paper. The seven deadly sins receive a fairly obvious interpretation, except Gluttony, which appears in a very amusing and whimsical version. The décor is simple, but extremely effective, and there are some lovely moments in the dance design.

Mozartiana, to Mozart's music, orchestrated by Tchaikovsky, with a most refreshing drop-curtain and décor by Christian Bérard, consists of solos, duet and group-dances on the piazza of a little town. It has no choreographic interest, but introduced us to an accomplished male dancer, Tasinsky, and a very young, beautiful ballerina, Toumanova. The ugly dances designed for her served to display her remarkable technique, but gave no scope to the profounder art she certainly possesses even at the early age of fourteen and a half.

Errante, to Schubert's music, with theme, décor and costumes by Tchelitchev, is in a vein of turbid romanticism which rather predisposes to ribaldry. It is designed to show off the whole gamut of Tilly Losch's technique, centring in her brilliant manipulation of an enormous swishing train, which she, no less than her ethereal colleagues in the ballet, avoid falling over in a quite miraculous manner, while rushing about in a perpetual frenzy of movement. Tilly Losch leaves me cold in expressive roles—and expression is rampant in *Errante*; as a cabaret artist she is wholly admirable.

"Vessels Departing."

Only once or twice in this play is Miss Flora Robson given a chance to act. In re-writing his *Port Said*, which was running in the West End some time ago, Mr. Emlyn Williams may have had Miss Robson in mind, and he has provided her with a part and a background, but with a play that has too many sweet nothings about it to suit her and too little cohesion to allow her to act. The "atmosphere" is laid on with a trowel. The café in Port Said is all too real, with ships' sirens in the distance and not a bottle on the counter or a poster on the wall where it shouldn't be. Everything drifts along well enough, with slick acting in the right naturalistic key; and there are some excellent examples of it, notably from Mr. W. Cronin Wilson and Miss Edith Sharpe. But with Miss Robson planted in the middle of it all the pleasant vague nostalgia turns into a deep melancholy for a moment now and again and then vanishes like smoke. When she has a good line to say the play becomes a different play altogether, and it is worth visiting the Embassy for these moments alone, but every time it fails to live up to the standards she sets for it.

Folk-songs

It is rare to hear folk-songs well sung, but Mme. Engel Lund, who is giving a series of matinées at the Ambassador Theatre, is a first-rate artist and with Mr. Ferdinand Rauter at the pianoforte gives an example of perfect collaboration. Their programme included folk-songs from Iceland, Germany, France, England, Scandinavia, also Yiddish, and the degree to which Mme. Engel Lund had penetrated to the spirit of these songs was revealed in her admirable performances of such English folk songs as *The Sprig of Thyme* and *High Germany*, where one might expect her to be least at home, and one's criticism to be most exacting. To find real style and musicianship devoted to folk-songs is a fascinating experience, and in some respects one may compare Mme. Engel Lund's art to that of Yvette Guilbert, although Mme. Engel Lund is more of a singer than a diseuse. Certainly it is many years since we have had the opportunity of hearing performances of folk-songs by an artist of such accomplishment.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, July 7th—
National Peace Conference, Oxford, July 7th—10th.
Society of Graphic Art Exhibition, Royal Institute Galleries.

SATURDAY, July 8th—
A Country Folk Dance Party, Hyde Park, 3 and 7.
Folk Dancing Rally, Oaklands, Hildenborough, and on July 9th.

SUNDAY, July 9th—
John A. Hobson on "Your Money and Your Life," Conway Hall, 11.

MONDAY, July 10th—
Cricket, Oxford *v.* Cambridge, Lord's.
Recital, d'Aranyi and Fachiri, Westminster Abbey, 6.

TUESDAY, July 11th—
Mr. Shoran S. Singha on "The English Attitude as Seen by an Indian," Friends House, 1.20.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

WRITERS are not usually very good critics of their own work. As a class they are vain with a vanity transcending that of actors, so that even if they can be made to see that they have fallen into a mistake they are unlikely to acknowledge it. This is partly for the practical reason that a correction is laborious in literature and oftentimes impossible: the whole embattled castle of the imagination comes tumbling down if you attempt to alter the position of a single card. Moreover, the mistakes that a writer makes indicate a deficiency in his nature: and to correct such a failure involves the growth of a new power. More blissful it is not to see the mistake, not to admit the limitation which made it possible, not to face the hideous truth that one is vulgar, or silly, or wearisomely repeating like a lisping girl the same little trick of naiveté and pretty innocence, or rehearsing the same child's magic catalogue of runcible spoons and forks which will charm all who have not heard it twenty times already and will lull those who have, to sleep. No wonder authors hate to see themselves! No wonder that, wishing to still a mysterious voice issuing from a place filled with unasked for self-knowledge, they rejoice in finding out the weaknesses of other writers. Yet, if they despise their fellows so much, why are they so venomous about them? Is it for love of Literature, or because of an aching fear that will not leave them? The fall of every poppy-head made Tarquin feel safer on his tyrant's throne.

* * *

George Moore had his fair share of writer's vanity, but it was a passion that I think he aired only in the presence of others. When he was alone he was able, he must have been able, to see the limitations of his own books, otherwise how could he have planned those eternal revisions and corrections, plotting and scheming through his old age to make all of the paper houses stand up so that they should endure for ever? The last thing that he wrote, *A Communication to My Friends* (Nonesuch, 16*s*.) is a most admirable example of his powers of self-criticism. Perhaps that means no more than that, with the exception of *The Brook Kerith*, my opinion of his work very closely coincided with his own. It would be true to say that the *Communication* is little more than a résumé and selection of the facts given us in *The Confessions of a Young Man*, which was itself recently republished (Heinemann, 8*s*. 6*d*.), though the purchaser should be warned that the note signed G.M. does not apply to this edition. There is nothing here that has not been available for a shilling less in blue cloth and crown octavo. But while the *Confessions* are daring, very original, and superficially silly, the *Communication* is gentle, beautifully written, and full of the refinement of old age. Short though it be, it is full of digressions, beautiful and noble digressions, in one of which we walk out to spend the same morning idling on Stephen's green which was so unsympathetically interrupted by the rook-like figure of Yeats in *Ave*. But in this second telling, though the sky is the same and we meet, as Moore remembers just in time, the same duck pursued by the two drakes, it is the morning when he met his agent who could not keep accounts, and, instead of hearing of the Irish Theatre, his head was full of *A Mummer's Wife*, the first chapters of which he was looking forward to sketching in scenario. We are willing to give up believing in the morning when Yeats's thoughts were far above nature, since the genesis of *A Mummer's Wife* is more important than the beginnings of the Irish Theatre. What a subject is *A Mummer's Wife* for a young dandy to be scheming about or for an old author to be telling us of in chosen phrases! It is the grimmest, most sordid, most splendid piece of realism. All the drabness and misery of poverty, the prison of asthma-poisoned nights, and days spent in the petty service of a little shop, the picture of a woman's love tied down and preyed upon by the squalor and necessity of an existence foreign to her, from which gin is the only refuge, that is drawn with calm power and an absence of exaggeration which is the highest art.

* * *

The tribute to the unfortunate Vizatelly, the abominable injustice of whose imprisonment was never forgotten by Moore, is one of the most interesting passages in the *Communication*, which is otherwise chiefly interesting as a very accurate piece of self-valuation. Not but what there are omissions, since the title of the very worst of Moore's writings is not mentioned here. Once at luncheon I told him with a laugh that I had picked up, on David's bookstall in Cambridge, a foolish shocker written by him in the eighties, and had read it with extraordinary interest. He gazed at me in silence and dismay, and it was suddenly revealed to me that he would not repeat even the name of that volume, a mere accident, that he had written; that he would not acknowledge it directly and that he dreamed that a day would come when every critic would reject such work as his, as we reject *The Puritan Widow* as Shakespeare's. Moore never quite outgrew his weaknesses, which kept in step as it were with the development of his gifts. The period which was ushered in by *The Brook Kerith* was not more free of lapses than that period of earlier realism of *A Mummer's Wife*, *Esther Waters*, *The Lake*, *An Untilled Field*, which I consider his greatest achievements. *Muslin*, which came after *Esther Waters*, though there is a description in it of a Viceregal Court worthy of Tolstoy, is strangely feeble, and at the top of page 208 contains one of the worst sentences ever written. The finest and strongest work of his later period, when he looked to the texture of his writing rather than to the originality of his design, is *Heloise and Abelard*—yet that boring little story *Perronik the Fool* was intended to be included in *Heloise*, and though he had the sense to leave it out, he could not bear to waste it, or lose faith in it. Over and over again he spoke to me of *Perronik the Fool*, and each time when I clumsily turned away from the subject, or bluntly told him that I did not like the story, he would look at me astonished. On one occasion he presented me with an inscribed copy of *Perronik*, printed by Bruce Rogers, merely to raise the subject once again. "How can you, who are an artist, talk about putting this wretched thing in with *Heloise?*" I would ask him silently and, knowing my unspoken question to be unanswerable, he would tell me that he had left the tale out because it would make the book too long and "would not please." That was a favourite phrase, and I would feed his vanity by exclaiming indignantly: "You who are an artist—why do you talk of pleasing?" But, knowing my dislike of *Perronik*, he plagued me with it, and now here it comes again in the same volume with *The Pastoral Loves of Daphnis and Chloe* (Heinemann, 6*s*.).

* * *

> But it is neither to the *Brook Kerith* nor to *Heloise and Abelard* that my thoughts turn most often, but to *Daphnis and Chloe*. One of the most ingenious miracles is how a work of art comes into being; at first it is a morass; and then something happens, and the picture and the book and the cantata sing of themselves. All that goes down on the canvas and the paper comes from within, unconsciously. . . . I read many translations of this story, and all were absurd, and now I was going to produce still one more absurdity. But instead of an absurdity, it seemed to me that I was writing more musical prose than I had ever written before. Even the "Proemial," that had floored so many translators, rolled itself out, to use an ordinary simile, like silk off a reel, and when I came to write the first sentence I wrote the best sentence that I have ever written in my life, and here it is; "The sea flows round Mitylene, a fair city of Lesbos, and channels filled by the sea and adorned by bridges of polished white stone divide it so frequently that the beholder, viewing it from a distance, would perceive a group of small islands rather than a city."

Daphnis and Chloe is a most beautiful story, simple and artificial, at the same time an allegory of love which will last another seventeen centuries and not grow old. And in spite of Moore's affection for the forms yoe for ewe and twain for two, this translation is as nearly perfect as could be imagined. The book lives again, reborn and immortal. The sun and the wind and the blue sky and the coming and going of the swallows have not changed since Longus wrote, and neither, I am glad to say, has the heart of man.

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

A Glastonbury Romance. By JOHN COWPER POWYS. *Lane.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

One More Spring. By ROBERT NATHAN. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Gentlemen—The Regiment! By HUGH TALBOT. *Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Centaur Passes. By PERCY WHITE and E. G. BOULENGER. *Duckworth.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Asses in Clover. By EIMAR O'DUFFY. *Putnam.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Frost in May. By ANTONIA WHITE. *Harmsworth.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A little sum worked out on a sheet of blotting-paper suggests that, as Mr. John Cowper Powys's new novel contains eleven hundred and seventy-four pages, each averaging thirty-eight long lines, the words which he has marshalled to tell his story must number very nearly half a million. Here, indeed, is a leviathan in the reviewer's net; accustomed to the modest fry of contemporary literature, he gazes down with a feeling of respectful alarm—not untempered, perhaps, by a shade of annoyance—at the portentous, yet lively, bulk of his destined quarry. How to describe such a book in a couple of paragraphs? Mr. Powys himself is a leisurely writer; his narrative emerges yard by yard, wallows up blowing and snorting from the depths of his mind, till a whole fantastic continent is revealed to view. All barnacled, encrusted and over-grown. . . . *A Glastonbury Romance* is a modern novel; that is to say, it is situated in the present time, deals with places discoverable on current ordnance maps, and introduces a diversity of modern types—communists, industrialists and others; but its spiritual, as distinct from its earthly, landscape is as remote as a fabulous kingdom beneath the sea. We are back again in the dusky regions of mediaeval occultism. For Mr. Powys, as for the followers of Cornelius Agrippa, there trembles between man and the surrounding universe a fine cobweb-mesh of esoteric bonds. Man is a sensitive microcosm of the world he lives in. Sympathies, mystical influences, atomic vibrations—Mr. Powys's cosmogony is a trifle obscure, since it partakes both of the ancient and the extremely modern—connect his characters with the furthest planets and the sun itself, or pass from them into apparently inanimate objects. An old tree responds and quickens to the lovers' embrace. On the opening page, when John Crow leaves the train, there occurs "within a causal radius of Brandon railway-station and yet beyond the deepest pools of emptiness . . . one of those infinitesimal ripples in the creative silence of the First Cause which always occur when an exceptional stir of heightened consciousness agitates any living organism in this astronomical universe. Something passed at that moment, a wave, a motion, a vibration, too tenuous to be called magnetic, too subliminal to be called spiritual, between the soul of a particular human being who was emerging from a third-class carriage of the twelve-nineteen from London and the divine-diabolic soul of the First Cause of all Life." Such is the atmosphere, exalted, if a trifle enervating, as the atmosphere of occult systems is inclined to be, that Mr. Powys is able to maintain to the end of the narrative.

The book is essentially a *tour de force*. Mr. J. D. Beresford, whose "advance opinion" is quoted by its publishers on the dust-cover, believes that "*A Glastonbury Romance* is one of the greatest novels in the world, to be classed with Tolstoy's *War and Peace*." No leap in the dark could be more calamitous; Mr. Powys's novel is an exuberant fantasy, a dream-picture with naturalistic trimmings, that offers an escape from, rather than an approach to, the confusion of life. But the rich abundance of his dream-processes makes them interesting; Mr. Powys has a gusto, a fertility of language, a wealth, indeed a rankness, of imagination, as expressed by his copious and flowing style, uncommon and extremely stimulating in a modern writer. He never pauses, and the story seldom flags. John Geard has inherited a large fortune from his late employer, the patriarch of the Crow family, who find that they have been cut out of the old man's will. They respond to the situation in various ways. The heir, a crazy hydrocephalic, whose insistence on the mystical virtues of Christ's blood has earned him the nickname of "bloody Johnny," determines to start a religious revival:

> Mr. Geard's nature was about ten times as *thick* as most men's With the seven or eight under layers of this nature he was entirely absorbed, by day and by night, in his contact with Christ, which resembled, though it was not identical with, the physical embrace of an erotic obsession.

In this respect, he is typical of the rest of the book. Not only obsessed by the supernatural, its characters are also obsessed, and as it were galvanised, by their different conceptions of sexual pleasure. They are fascinated by the idea and the pleasure itself; John and Mary Crow, whose amorous but cousinly relationship is described, in somewhat ambiguous terms, as "vicious," "perverse," "sterile" and "corrupt"; Owen Evans, who is pursued by sadistic reveries; Philip Crow and his mistress, Persephone Spear; Nell Zoyland, Sam Dekker and the others. They live in a sort of copulatory ferment. Their encounters, which take place in the bowels of the earth, in bed-sitting rooms, under ash trees, on the banks of rivers, are described and distinguished with curious skill; in some aspects its frequent erotic episodes are the most vivid and illuminating part of the story.

Appropriately, the book ends in a tremendous flood. With a swash, gurgle, a great noise of churning and rumbling, leviathan takes its leave of the exhausted reviewer and seeks its playground in the mystic-erotic deep. The fish that remain in his net seem docile and small. Here, for example, is Robert Nathan's fantasy—a mere pilchard, though none the worse for being diminutive, since its scales are as brightly burnished as a new sixpence—which goes by the name of *One More Spring*. It is a fairy-tale on the margin of the American slump; Mr. Otkar, a middle-aged dealer in expensive antiquities, was able to rescue from the ruin of his hearth and home nothing but a large eighteenth-century bed. Morris Rosenberg, the violinist, was as impoverished; together they transported Otkar's bed, lavishly embossed with Cupids and flowers, and set it up under the stars in Central Park. Presently, they moved to an adjacent toolshed. A young and charming, but unsuccessful, prostitute, and a financier in trouble with the law joined them and shared their bed and frugal meals; Mr. Rosenberg gave lessons to the street-cleaner whose love of music had provided them with a new home.

One More Spring is a prettily written fable; though slight in texture and here and there inclined to a somewhat self-conscious whimsicality, it is an elegant and entertaining little book. *Gentlemen—The Regiment!* is a period-piece; during the earlier chapters I found it difficult to make up my mind just how far this bewhiskered and crinolined portrait gallery was intended as a serious

"Luvisca" REG'D
SHIRTS
SOFT COLLARS & PYJAMAS

FOR full concentration on your game, you must cut out all distractions. One means of reducing your 'handicaps' are "Luvisca" Shirts and Soft Collars. "Luvisca" Pyjamas are equally comfortable, well-made and durable. See the newest patterns.

Sold by all leading Hosiers, Outfitters and Stores, and all AUSTIN REED shops.

SHIRTS in striped designs or plain shades, including 2 collars 10/6 each.

PYJAMA SUITS in striped designs or plain shades 17/6 each.

Garments made to measure subject to special quotation.

LOOK FOR THE REGISTERED TAB. None genuine without.

Ask for and see you get "LUVISCA." There is nothing just-as-good. If any difficulty in obtaining, write Courtaulds Ltd. (Dept. 143M.), 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1, who will send you name of nearest retailer and descriptive literature.

and moving narrative, and where to smile and to drop an obligatory tear. For instance, those espousals in the wood. . . . ? Plausible heroines are not Mr. Talbot's forte; on the other hand, when he is describing the Crimean War, particularly the battle on the heights of Inkerman, he scores a conspicuous success. *The Centaur Passes* is fantasy from beginning to end; the centaur takes the first jump with graceful aplomb—his birth in a famous English racing-stables—but comes to grief in the neighbourhood of page fifty. The subsequent adventures of this proud demi-god degenerate into heavy-handed satire. Satirical, too, is the theme of *Asses in Clover;* admirers of *King Goshawk and the Birds* may relish this last chapter of King Goshawk's life, and, if I failed, I am prepared to believe that the fault is mine. A personal prejudice against neo-Celtic fairy tales, when combined with an economic and social message, may have robbed me of an unsuspected satisfaction.

Prejudices, after all, are a reviewer's stand-by; at most, he can attempt to explain their origin and arrange them in some logical and consecutive order. Miss Antonia White's novel, *Frost in May*, has—at any rate—for one reader of the book, the supreme virtue of doing what it sets out to do and never exceeding the limits of its modest design. The impression it makes is sharp and decisive. Nanda Grey entered a convent-school at the age of nine; the story covers her life till the age of fourteen, when she left the Convent of the Five Wounds in deep disgrace, having rebelled against the austerity of Catholic discipline. At bottom, it is the story of a prolonged love-affair—of the relationship, now passionate and now refractory, now benevolent, now repressive and subtly cruel, between a human being and a dominant institution. Nanda loves and hates the Catholic Church; the atmosphere, even the aroma, of the convent buildings—compounded of beeswax and yellow soap, and the faint, lingering, sickly smell of incense—in which Nanda passed her impressionable years, the personalities of the various mistresses and of Nanda's friends all reached me with extraordinary distinctness as I turned the pages. I can only add that, of these oddly assorted volumes, not excepting Mr. Powys's mountainous myth, *Frost in May* has given me the greatest pleasure.

PETER QUENNELL

THE OLD FIRM

Circus Company. By EDWARD SEAGO. With a preface by JOHN MASEFIELD. *Putnam.* 10s. 6d.

When I was a small boy and theatrical companies visited the town, bringing flash-looking ladies with scarlet lips and wicked earrings, and I used to beg to be allowed to go to see them play, my mother used to say with dark finality, "It's a drama: you wouldn't understand it." But when the bill-poster went round and stuck up gay placards announcing the coming of Sanger's or Barnum's or one of those obscure dingy little circuses of which Mr. Seago speaks so affectionately there never used to be any doubt or disapproval and still less any "You wouldn't understand it." It was obvious that we should understand it; indeed, a circus was all so vivid and elemental that it hardly needed to be understood. It needed only to be accepted. From the brilliance of the early afternoon procession of elephants and clowns and horses and ladies and lions through the streets to the last hoarse jokes of the clowns and the blast of the scarlet-coated band playing *Tarra-ra-boom-de-ay* and *All the nice girls love a sailor*, it was all pure enjoyment. We went to the circus almost as automatically as we went to church; and it is significant that we all went, children, parents and grandparents. And when the clowns cracked a joke our parents and grandparents said they'd heard it donkey's years ago, laughing fit to cry even as they said it. To-day the loud-speaker, replacing the scarlet band, plays tunes that were hot the day before yesterday, *Ain't she sweet?* and *I can't give you anything but love, Baby*, but the clowns crack the same staunch jokes and fool with the old, old water-buckets, the horses are as silky and beautiful as ever, the ladies in pink tights are as ravishing, the ring-master as dashing, the acrobats as marvellous, the smell of horse-dung and sweet and trampled grass as powerful—so powerful that it alone indeed brings back the memory of childhood with joy and pain. The circus, in short, does not change. It is the old firm, full of imperishable pageantry and life. "To those with imagination," says Mr. Masefield in his preface to Mr. Seago's book, "it is a delight that does not lessen much with age." I doubt if it lessens at all.

Mr. Seago is a painter. After living a life of ease, painting the horses on which he hunted, he suddenly decided to follow the circus, not in order to take part in any of its acts, but simply to paint and study its animals and people. At first he detested it all, the circus, the circus people, the wretched lodgings in which he was offered watery rice-puddings, tinned salmon and "smaller species of shell-fish." The circus people were standoffish, would stand for their portraits only after much difficulty, and spoke a slang language of their own which he could not understand. He was a toff; they were men—artists—with work to do. For months they treated him with disdain, obviously thinking him as green as he very probably was. But he persisted, and finally they warmed to him, inviting him to muck in with them and share their life. He mucked in and shared their life as fully as it was possible for an outsider to do, learning their language, suffering their poverty and hardship and acquiring their love and friendship. The result is *Circus Company*.

There have been few, if any, great books on circus life. The novelist sentimentalises it all, and few commentators have gone, like Mr. Seago, into the very heart of the life and suffered there. The fair occurs again and again in literature. But not the circus. The two would seem to be related, both in their elemental vigour and romantic pageantry, yet, as Mr. Seago says: "I drew so fine a line between the gipsy and the fair-ground, the fair-ground and the circus, that they were divided only by the merest tracing. In this I was mistaken. Later, when I knew their life, I learned the difference between them." He discusses this difference and in doing so indicates why the circus has never been truly interpreted by any artist except the painter:

> To many the Circus appears as a travelling variety-show for the amusement of the poor. Others think it a show of glorified gipsies, with raw-boned nags and decayed adornment. No outsider knows it as it is. Its people stand apart; they are Circus folk. Circus people on the whole keep to themselves, and seldom mix with others. As their life is spent in wandering, they remain mysterious. . . . The smaller the show the more harshly is it judged, so that some of the "smaller fry" are regarded as little better than vagabonds and mountebanks.

Mr. Seago's book, in spite of its occasional sentimentalities and journalese, will do much to dispel these ideas. If only his writing were as good as his sixteen pencil sketches, and if only his sixteen pencil sketches were paintings instead, like his frontispiece, *Circus Company* might have been sixteen times the book it is. Even so, it is a book to keep, not so much for oneself as for one's children. For, as Mr. Masefield remarks: "I do not doubt that to countless children still the circus is the greatest of all joys, and circus life the image of Paradise."

H. E. BATES

PROLETARIANS ALL

New Country: An Anthology of Prose and Poetry. By the Authors of *New Signatures*. Edited by MICHAEL ROBERTS. *Hogarth Press.* 7s. 6d.

The Magnetic Mountain. By C. DAY LEWIS. *Hogarth Press.* 3s. 6d.

New Country is, roughly speaking, a Communist anthology. The attitude of its contributors is, roughly, Shelleyan: the world is made up of tyrants, slaves, and a few heralds of the millennium. Like the elder "post-war poet" they have not much contact with the life around them, and certainly very little with the "masses." But then Shelley thought the masses were to be raised, not that they were already on a pinnacle: so his lack of contact did not exactly put him in a false position. It is different with Mr. Roberts, Mr. Day Lewis, Mr. Auden and the rest: and some of them appear uneasily conscious of the fact. "The artist," Mr. Spender points out in self-defence, "cannot renounce the bourgeois tradition because the proletariat has no alternative tradition which he could adopt." (Which he *could* adopt—like a new kind of hat, apparently.) "The art which is being and which can be created to-day is not in any sense proletarian art." He means "liked by the proletariat," and backs his assertion with the forceful argument that they did not care for D. H. Lawrence. And certainly, if another Dickens should arise it will not be in the *New Country* tradition. To be liked by the masses you must, in the first place, like or at least feel for what they like: and, secondly, you must have some natural exuberance. Mr. Roberts and his friends hate what the masses like, and though they are all in favour of exuberance, they seem to have put it off till the millennium: their present psychological state is queasy. Moreover, they are a little uncertain—Mr. Roberts especially—what they really want: whether the new religion is or is not "personal"

(whatever that means), and whether it is or is not *infra dig.* to entertain "personal affection" for one's fellow-men.

What about the "luminous wings"? It is important, indeed vital, that they should have them, and they feel it so. They tend to support themselves and each other with the reflection that Mr. Auden, at least, has them. But the truth is, most of the poems and all the short stories in the book are very tame, not to say dim, to come after such a pomp of principle. In themselves they are agreeable enough: Mr. Spender has one charming sonnet, and Mr. R. E. Warner's *Hymn* is really jolly. Mr. Auden, admired "birdman" and "kestrel" of the group—to quote the enthusiastic expressions of Mr. Day Lewis—distinguishes himself less by soaring than by a certain lustiness of note. Mr. Day Lewis himself has a delicate talent to which, as the *Magnetic Mountain* testifies, he is not giving fair play. His ideas are not numerous. He was meant—and he seems half conscious of it—for a nature poet (he looks to Communism chiefly to abolish suburbs). His satire is weak and conscientious, his solemnity a perilous skirting of the pseudo-grand. But a frail stem of true poetry pushes up at intervals. K. JOHN

"AN EVIL AND DANGEROUS MAN"

Nine Stories (Tolstoy Centenary Edition). Translated by LOUISE and AYLMER MAUDE. With Introductions by ROBERT HICHENS and REBECCA WEST. *Oxford University Press.* 18*s.* the set of 21 vols.

We are rather more than half-way through the Oxford Centenary Edition of Tolstoy. *Anna Karenina* remains yet to be published; otherwise we have had the important books. Mr. and Mrs. Aylmer Maude have produced a translation which is really worthy of the occasion; the annotation is thorough, and many passages cut by the Censor have been restored. In addition to Mr. Maude's preface to each volume there has been a rather haphazard series of introductions by Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Hugh Walpole and others. The present volume contains nine stories: "A Billiard-marker's Notes," "The Snow Storm," "Two Hussars," "A Landlord's Morning," "Lucerne," "Albert," "Three Deaths," "Poliushka," "Strider: the Story of a Horse"; and no less than three introductions—a biographical preface by Mr. Maude, and essays by Mr. Robert Hichens and Miss Rebecca West. Mr. Hichens pays the usual tribute to the author of *War and Peace;* Miss West goes full out in attack. Both may seem to be superfluous in a centenary edition, but as Miss West's contribution is at any rate lively, let us see what she has to say about Tolstoy.

Was Tolstoy a really great man? No, says Miss West; he was "one of the mightiest men who ever lived," but he was neither a great novelist nor a great thinker. She explains this as follows: Tolstoy is deficient as a novelist because, while he sees everything, he "doesn't know about the soul"; his characters are marionettes without any real life who are jerked about in imitation of the living. This is true, according to Miss West, of all the characters in *War and Peace.* She goes on to argue that "if Tolstoy does not know about the soul, it must be because he does not want to know," and the reason for his not wanting to know is that "he is always willing to prostitute his art to his other self, the thinker." As a thinker (this is the second point of Miss West's attack) Tolstoy is "utterly corrupted by the hatred of mankind." The remaining part of her introduction (eleven out of fourteen pages) is devoted to proving Tolstoy's corruptness.

By this time Tolstoy has become in Miss West's imagination an "evil and dangerous man," "filthy-minded" and "filthy-hearted," the practiser of a "mischievous sham-religion," an egotist who cannot give to a beggar without thinking of his own salvation, a neurotic whose wish is "to die vicariously at the expense of the community." "Tolstoy's empire lies among the hysterics." "There is no more profoundly disgusting passage in the whole of modern literature than Tolstoy's lip-smacking description of how Natasha, to allay her distress when Pierre was in the city, suckled her baby so often for the sake of pleasurable physical sensation that the poor little creature became seriously ill from overfeeding."

These remarks may surprise the reader who has learnt from the first sentence of the introduction that "it requires some courage to suggest a cool examination" of Tolstoy's claims to greatness. Miss West is apparently so preoccupied with her own courage in making this "cool" examination that she refers to it again in her last paragraph. But what in the world has all this to do with Tolstoy's art? We are assured that Tolstoy wrote *War and Peace* "to disparage the genius of Napoleon" and *Anna Karenina* to "prove to himself how dangerous it was to commit adultery." Even from so convinced a romantic as Miss West, such criticism seems excessively naive. Did she perhaps undertake this introduction to prove to herself how dangerous it is to write criticism?

SEX MESSINESS

Roman Catholic Methods of Birth Control. By MARIE STOPES. *Davies.* 6*s.*

Mixtures of physiology and sentimentalism leave a nasty taste behind them. Whatever else we may think about it, science is, at any rate, clean and wholesome; and nobody was ever yet the worse for looking facts squarely in the face. In this respect, facts about the anatomy of men and women, and about their physiologic and psychic reactions, are not exceptional. It is only when we look at such facts, not with appropriate humility but with the approving or disapproving eye of personal prejudice or convention, that the picture tends to become distorted.

Dr. Marie Stopes's *Roman Catholic Methods of Birth Control* affords endless illustrations of the nauseating attitude to which I have referred. Now, at this point, I would like to say that, in my opinion, Dr. Stopes, whose books strike me as aesthetically and spiritually offensive, has in fact rendered a greater service to mankind than any other living writer. She has presented the great public, in the sickly form in which alone that public would have swallowed it, with a mass of information and practical advice, in the absence of which the human species would inevitably follow the ichthyosaurus into that limbo which is occupied by those who have been unable to adapt their habits to the limitations of earthly existence. Man, like other animals, is equipped with certain senses and certain appetites which have enabled him to continue to live on this planet for a short time as an individual—for a very much longer time as a species. Among our inherent psychic qualities are those of ingenuity and inventiveness, which, although

Reflecting Age and Quality

This is an untouched photograph of a glass containing a little 'Cordon Bleu' Brandy.

See how it reflects the shadow of the cask in which it lay . . . recalling, as you will when you taste it, the fact that it matured in cask for thirty-five years.

Life in cask makes the perfect Brandy; the bottle is but a handy means of transferring it to your liqueur glass.

An illustrated booklet, "The Art of Drinking" dealing with the history, distillation and uses of Cognac Brandy, will be sent free on application to Messrs. Matthew Clark & Sons, Ltd., 14 Trinity Square, London, E.C.3.

MARTELL'S CORDON BLEU

shared by all other animals, are possessed by members of our species in a supreme degree. To them we owe all the "unnatural" things we do, and all the "unnatural" things we possess; our cooking, our clothes and our cathedrals. Presumably, if God wished us to live purely "according to Nature," he would not like to be worshipped under the dome of St. Peter's. In Dr. Stopes's book there are constant denunciations, both by the authoress and by the Catholics whom she holds up to ridicule, of this or that human manoeuvre because it is "unnatural." Obviously, there is little that could not be denounced on similar grounds. Pocket-handkerchiefs and city drains, printed books and the Vatican, Eno's Fruit Salt and claret, all alike would fall under the ban.

I learn from the biologists that the herring, obeying its natural impulses, and practising no method of birth control—neither *coitus interruptus*, which the Roman Church condemns, nor *coitus reservatus*, which it allows—would, but for the infantile death rate which obtains in the herring world, in a very few years, solidify the seven seas. Man has not quite this reproductive capacity, but the fundamental doctrine of Malthus still holds good. The world economic problem with which the Malthusian law confronts us has hitherto been partly hidden by a human death rate that has kept pace with our procreative potentiality. But, in our new circumstances, we must (as, indeed, we are beginning to do), by hook or by crook, diminish our births as we have already diminished our deaths. Already we impinge on each other far too much; and statistics of productive, or even of geographical, untapped possibilities prove little that matters. Deliberate limitation of births there must therefore be, quite apart from individual hardships or desires. Widespread asceticism would be one solution; but both experience and science teach us that this is not only quite impracticable, but would be physiologically harmful if it were practicable. The impulse euphemistically called the sex instinct is a very powerful one, and its complete repression commonly ends in morbid stultification or perversion.

As with most other of our appetites, an extensive structure, aesthetic and romantic, has arisen on the basis of the coitive impulse. This romantic structure is one of man's most valuable possessions, and it is proper that sacredness should attach to it. It is therefore not surprising that spiritually sensitive persons hesitate when it is suggested that no special sanctity attaches to the primitive urge from which so much that is beautiful has sprung. That which feeds the roots of beautiful things, however, often has but a sequential relation with the beauty that arises from it. Our sense of smell had its biologic origin and purpose in that it assisted us to discriminate between the edible and the inedible. But when we enjoy the fragrance of the rose or of the lilac we are in a realm in which the cruder "purposes of Nature" are irrelevant. It may well be argued, analogously, that a straightforward relegation of the coitive impulse to that class of physiological activities with which our other appetites are associated would in no way diminish the spiritual and aesthetic wealth that is said by the scientists there to have had its historic root. If we accepted, and acted on, this point of view, we should regard our sex-appetite as we regard our appetite for food, as a "natural" urge, to be obeyed with such qualifications as our own selective taste suggests. Most important, we should give up talking about it in the messy, sloppy way that is so nauseating to sensitive realists.

To return to Dr. Stopes's book. She succeeds in pulverising her Roman Catholic opponents; not because she has proved that religion has no concern with sex but because she has shown that if the matter is to be argued on the basis of the "naturalness" or the "unnaturalness," or of the moral rightness or wrongness of this or that bit of petty physiological tactics she can beat them at their own game. Sensitive readers will find little to choose aesthetically between the attitudes of the rival controversialists. Thus, the Catholic lays down the inspired instruction: "*Non habetur onanismus, nec peccatum, si copula abrumpitur, ex necessitate (v.g. ad vitandum scandalum personae inopinate supervenientis) vel ex utilitate mutuo dato consensu et periculo pollutionis excluso; nam seminatio extra vas aut involuntaria est, aut nulla.*" Dr. Stopes, on behalf of science, caps this pronouncement with what she proudly calls "a slogan I have coined" (I hope she will forgive me for translating it into dog-Latin): "*Nihil pone in vaginam quod non vis ponere in os.*" The list of the healing virtues of "sex-union," as enumerated by Dr. Stopes, has all the persuasive power of the best-drafted patent medicine advertisements. She claims for it "a physical enrichment, enjoyment and benefit . . . not only nourishing and enriching, but resolving contentions and difficulties, curing sleeplessness, irritability and many minor ailments." A good gust of cleansing humour is badly needed in this department of pathology.

HARRY ROBERTS

DESMOND HARMSWORTH

RUSSIAN ROUNDABOUT

ARCHIBALD LYALL.

6s. net.

"Mr. Lyall's book is as entertaining as it is informative."
—*Sunday Times.*

"One of the best commentaries on the Bolshevist scene yet published."—*Sunday Dispatch.*

"Mr. Lyall has performed a rare service in writing what appears to be an entirely unprejudiced book about Russia."
—*Chicago Tribune, Paris.*

44 GREAT RUSSELL ST., W.C.1

EXPERIMENT OR RUSTICITY?

Tell Halaf. By BARON MAX VON OPPENHEIM. *Putnam.* 21s.

In August, 1914, the British Navy captured a German ship which was taking home a collection of sculptured slabs it had received at Alexandretta, the port for Aleppo. The laws of Turkey did not allow the export of antiquities, but no one can smuggle out a whole cargo of large blocks of stone in absolute secrecy, and all reports agreed that the place where they were found was the mound called Tell Halaf, east of the Euphrates. The British Museum took possession of the sculptures, placing them on exhibition with labels ascribing them to the ninth century B.C. They are crude things, and look like provincial imitations of Assyrian work; moreover they bear Aramaic inscriptions of a king Kapara, which could be approximately dated. After the war Baron von Oppenheim continued his excavations at Tell Halaf, and found a further vast quantity of sculpture, mostly reliefs of the same character as those in the British Museum (which incidentally are not mentioned in his book). He then brought forward arguments for dating everything well before 2,000, even putting some pieces before 3,000. Professor Herzfeld contributes an Appendix in which he arranges the sculptures in order on stylistic grounds, the latest appearing as contemporary with the finest Sumerian art of farther south. The inscriptions, they say, were added more than a thousand years later by the Aramaean king for whose purposes the edges of some of the slabs were trimmed down, thus cutting off parts of the design (as in stamps before the days of perforation). Personally, I cannot imagine a king decorating his capital exclusively with barbarous relics of primitive antiquity, defaced and broken as they would be after so many centuries in the earth, unless he were moved by antiquarian zeal, a possibility which seems excluded

by his treatment of them. The archaism of some of the details is no proof of early date in this north-west region of Mesopotamia, which is so little known archaeologically that any degree of conservatism may be considered possible.

The great discrepancy in the age attached to the sculptures makes one of the most remarkable problems of modern archaeology, especially in view of their great number and fair average size. The British Museum upholds its original opinion that Tell Halaf was a provincial backwater, though it is willing to advance the date a couple of centuries, holding Kapara responsible for the inscriptions alone. The Germans believe that Tell Halaf was a leader when Mesopotamian civilisation was beginning. To them the crudities of its art represent the primitive vigour, the realism often akin to caricature, seen in the mosaic "standard" from Ur in the British Museum. In the Tell Halaf work I can perceive no life-like qualities nor delight in technical achievement to justify its attribution to an infant art struggling with difficulties as yet unsolved by any people; they seem to me decadent, with few exceptions, feeble like the drawings of children brought up on picture-books by adults, or the modern imitations of European art produced by orientals or savages who have lost their own standards. One interesting experiment they do involve, even on the assumption that they belong to the period of the Assyrian Empire: on one of the reliefs we apparently look down on an animal from straight above, so that its legs spread out to either side like those of a skin rug.

The greater part of the book is devoted to an account of the sculptures discovered by Baron von Oppenheim, with sufficient illustrations so far as Tell Halaf is concerned. Unfortunately the impressive figures found at the neighbouring sanctuary of Jebelet el Beida, which can be no later than about 3,000, are reproduced here in small half-tones of poor quality, which do not do them justice. They were adequately treated in the *Illustrated London News*, which gave too, a clearer view of the great doorway of Tell Halaf, restored with colossal supporting figures of gods standing on animals—prototypes of the Greek caryatids. The building to which this formed the entrance is a curious series of long, narrow halls, but it is not easy to realise the extent to which the restored plan and elevations rely on actual remains, for the present volume is not the final report of the excavation. It begins with a discursive semi-popular narrative, ballasted with some very conjectural history, and continues almost as a guide to the Halaf Museum at Berlin. The translator evidently knows nothing of the East, ancient or modern, and thus breaks down over German renderings of oriental names, while traces of the original language constantly project through the English.

A. W. LAWRENCE

PYGMIES, SAND-DUNES AND TREASURE

Among Congo Pigmies. By PAUL SCHEBESTA. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

Light on the Dark Continent. By CARVETH WELLS. *Jarrolds.* 16*s.*

The Coast of Treasure. By LAURENCE G. GREEN. *Putnam.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

It is strange what a fascination the unusual holds for us. The fascination of pygmies, for instance, is in inverse ratio to their numbers and importance. All our authors fall under the spell in one way or another. Mr. Green looks back through the centuries and feels the drama of their gradual surrender, their slow expulsion from Europe, their hazardous Odyssey, south and ever south, through the forests of Africa, leaving here an exiguous settlement, there a flourishing colony secure in its silvan fastnesses, till the curtain rises on the final tragedy, which South Africa is now witnessing in the Last of the Bushmen. To Mr. Wells the drama is more flamboyant, and they appear to his romantic eyes as the Leprechauns of Africa, while Dr. Schebesta brings the coldly analytical rays of science to bear on the secrets of the pygmy folk which the dark forests have hitherto preserved inviolate.

Mr. Wells's Africa is so fantastic that we cannot but think that he has his tongue in his cheek the whole time, as who should say, "I bluffed it through with my *Six Years in the Malay Jungle*: let's see what we can do with Africa." This may be doing him an injustice, but, if so, he has only his own exaggerations to blame, and he really should not serve up a réchauffé of other people's mistakes and expect us to accept his word as authoritative. No doubt, for example, he only means that the Masai do not carry matches; but in his emphatic way he writes that they are too lazy to carry their own matches, and that is typical of the puerile exaggerations which meet us on nearly every page. It is as if the critic were to say that Mr. Wells is too lazy to give us his own thoughts and observations, meaning only that a great many of his observations are second-hand, while his anecdotes must have antedated the Uganda Railway. His facts, needless to say, are unreliable, but he has written a brisk, entertaining book which depends for its effect not so much on its matter as on the manner of its telling. It is perhaps significant, as has already been hinted, that the chapter on pygmies is the best, though we see no reason to classify the so-called Niamniam with any of the pygmy groups.

Dr. Schebesta's book falls into a different category; but even here—since the account is a popular foreword to a promised scientific treatise—the manner is still somewhat obtrusively self-assertive. A little less Schebesta and rather more pygmy would have been welcome. Dr. Schebesta, it appears, used the Kingwana jargon for conversing with his hosts—not a satisfactory medium of accurate research—but even so there is no reason why he should insist on giving the pygmies Bantu prefixes, as when he says (erroneously) that "the Pigmies call themselves *Ba*kongo," or when he refers to the "*Ba*lendu pigmies," who are neither pygmies nor Bantu. Nevertheless, despite some inaccuracies, he succeeds in drawing an extremely interesting picture of these shy forest dwellers and explodes many popular fallacies. They are not indolent, but have to struggle hard to maintain their cultural independence (for, politically, they are loosely controlled by the negro tribes among whom they live and trade). They have always been pictured as dull and gloomy, a reflex no doubt of the forests in which they live; but we learn, on the contrary, from Dr. Schebesta that they are exceptionally cheerful and merry, and that it is only their natural suspicion of strangers which has given this false impression to chance travellers. Economically they are so little advanced that they are said not to know how to make fire, but they have a social and religious life which for complexity has little to learn from their neighbours. It would be tedious to refer in detail to the many points of interest which the narrative discloses—just as it is not within the scope of this notice to take too critical a view of errors which are, perhaps, inevitable in the circumstances of a first acquaintanceship with Africa. There

'We passionately desire this novel to be read.' MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

Love on the Dole

A Tale of the Two Cities

WALTER GREENWOOD

'MR. GREENWOOD knows and he can tell. In a first novel he communicates with an ease which makes him, in sheer readability, the superior of most experienced novelists. His ironically happy ending is superb; his use in the manner of a Greek chorus of the terribly amusing Mrs. Nattle and her cronies is beautifully judged. The authenticity is beyond dispute.

Here, transcending anticipation, is the novel for which we hoped'

H. B. in the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

'A devastating picture of unemployment. A novel beautifully constructed by a born novelist, written with hatred, but also with excitement and humour. Judged by the highest standards, this is an impressive, a deeply moving book.'

SPECTATOR

JONATHAN CAPE 7s. 6d. net

are not a few statements which a severer criticism might deplore—and one or two which are even dangerously inaccurate—but in general the reader may accept this as a satisfying introduction to pygmy lore.

If we follow the old pygmy trails we may eventually reach the coast, and here we hand ourselves over to a new guide, whose interests (despite a brief, but able, digression on the Bushmen) are mainly concerned with the toll that Africa has taken on alien adventurers. The south west coast is littered with the wrecks of ships from the Indies; Dutch, Spanish, Portuguese and British ships which have been cast on this treacherous coast during the last six centuries. The ancient gold and the jewels of the Mogul and curious silver pieces have occasionally been picked up where the waters have receded, but for the most part this incalculable wealth lies beyond reach at the bottom of the sea or where the shipwrecked crews hid it in a safer place than they knew—in the sand-dunes of the illimitable desert that shift their contours with every change of wind. These are the ships and treasures of which Mr. Green has written with the sympathy of a sailor who knows all the islands from Ascension to the Cape as only a sailor can. "Loneliness," he writes, "is not in a place, but in a man's heart," and it is that creed of his which has taken him to the most desolate places and enriched them with the grandeur of their past. This is a chapter of African history which called for writing, and it has been well done. Even when he leaves his familiar waterways and writes of the Kalahari and its potential wealth; even when he falls to the delusion of an Ivory Valley—the oldest delusion in Africa—where elephants bequeath their tusks to the pygmy inhabitants; even then, though unconvinced, we are almost persuaded that in the Kalahari also there can be no loneliness for a man of imagination.

J. H. DRIBERG

AN EMINENT EDWARDIAN

England and Sir Horace Plunkett. By RUPERT METCALF. *Howe.* 5s.

To many of those who knew Horace Plunkett well there will appear something of a contradiction in the title of this little book. For Plunkett was before everything a character, and, as such strongly marked personalities usually are, peculiarly dependent for his remarkable effectiveness on his time and place. True, he was born in Gloucestershire and drew his resources from the Tyneside and the American Middle West, but he was inspired, exasperated and absorbed by Ireland, and he created his policy and spent himself for that country. Remarkable as were his devotion and tenacity to this cause, he could not have made the difference that he did had it not been for the peculiar appositeness of his position and that he arrived "nicking the minute with a happy tact." The younger son of one of the Protestant Lords of the Pale, he returned to Ireland with all the power and prestige of an American fortune made by himself—supplemented by a family fortune in English coal—just when the Parnell scandal had taken the wind out of the political sails. For a moment it seemed that this man who combined American energy and wealth with aristocratic prestige and personal originality might single-handed throw the development of Ireland on to another tack. That was his ambition, to build up a new social order for a rural nation. But the tide in the affairs of Ireland shifted and, the moment past, not all the devotion, disinterestedness and indefatigability could again shape circumstance. Should any successor of Lytton Strachey compile a volume of Eminent Edwardians, Horace Plunkett should be one. His life and personality would illuminate for us that darkest of ages, the one on which our own shadow falls, the age we must react from and in some sense deny if we are to have any personality ourselves, the age of our fathers, which is neither in the present nor in perspective, neither venerable nor modern, but simply out of date. Mr. Metcalf proposes to show that Plunkett in his rural philosophy had a message for England. Certainly for the last ten years of his life he tried to make one. But, as is said by Sir Daniel Hall in his Introduction to this book and as Mr. Metcalf himself allows, Plunkett was not in sympathy with the revival of agriculture as it has developed here in England during these last few years, through compulsion and State organisation. He remained true to the *laisser faire* which he accepted in his youth. Some people think that so long as farmers are organised—whether voluntarily or as part of State planning—economically the industry will be saved and psychologically the mystic benefits which are assumed, sometimes a little vaguely, to flow from country life will accrue. Plunkett never held that. If voluntaryism was sacrificed, if the State intervened with its force and penalties, he felt that the "scheme of rural things entire" for which he had lived would never be attained. What he called Better Living, the freely contracted life, was the whole aim to which, in his Mantra of Betters, Better Farming and Better Business (Agricultural Co-operation) were merely the means. For the same reason he objected to the Factory Farm for which a good case is made at the end of this book's fourth chapter. True, he acknowledged that it was economically sound, but economics was not his aim. What was that? Some said he did not dare say because working with Roman Catholic clergy he could not declare his wish to have a countryside of freely thinking men. The Irish Party politicians said he wanted to save his own order and the English connection by "drawing a red-herring across the Home Rule trail." Later the English Labour Party politicians diagnosed him as an aristocrat "who wants to turn us all into peasants." "Men impute themselves." Certainly the better he was known the more complex he appeared. Everyone could find enough in him to show him as they wished. Mr. Metcalf has brought together sufficient of Plunkett's sayings to make his own essay—a clear and charming picture—on the future of agriculture in England a development of those particular sayings. Yet it is more than doubtful whether Plunkett would have given his *imprimatur* to this essay. That is not to say that it is not right, or even to suggest that agricultural co-operation ought to develop in some other way. What does, however, seem certain is Plunkett's dissidence, not because what is suggested in this book is impossible or wrong, but because Plunkett himself belonged to an age which denied these things on grounds of principle.

The future may prove him right or wrong. The fact will remain that Plunkett the Edwardian, one of whose favourite sayings was "Life is not long enough for short cuts," profoundly mistrusted quick compulsion and believed as the only way in slow education up to full and willing assent. "A Doctrinaire Dairyman," he quoted often with some pride, the title given him by one of "Mr. Britling's" characters. As such he felt he had (and it was clear that here at least he was right) no part in these mid-century high-pressure plans.

SOVIET RUSSIA

The Great Offensive. By MAURICE HINDUS. *Gollancz.* 5s.

Red Virtue. By ELLA WINTER. *Gollancz.* 5s.

Russian Roundabout. By ARCHIBALD LYALL. *Desmond Harmsworth.* 6s.

The Truth and Error of Communism. By H. G. WOOD. *Student Christian Movements Press.* 2s. 6d.

In one thing at least I have a good deal of sympathy with Mr. Archibald Lyall. I was in Russia at the same time as he was last summer and know just how he felt when, impressed by the intelligence and imagination of something that was being done in Russia, he was buttonholed by a fulsome enthusiast who assumed that everything Soviet must necessarily be perfectly marvellous. It is only by saving Russia from such friends that one can hope to create any real understanding of the Soviet regime. Often, indeed, these enthusiasts need saving from themselves. Many who sail up the Baltic in the spirit of Wordsworth crossing the Channel in the early days of the French Revolution, begin, like Wordsworth, by finding that it is "bliss to be alive" and rejoicing at "human nature seeming to be born again," and then come back after a month's discomfort as unreasonably disillusioned as Wordsworth was after twenty years of European war. Mr. Lyall was never likely to be very enthusiastic. He has no very profound understanding of what is being attempted by the Soviets and his values are fundamentally both British and conventional. But he is a good reporter: he writes amusingly and he kept an excellent record of those interminable arguments which fill the time of earnest seekers after truth on Russian pilgrimage. He saw more than most tourists: he is an experienced observer and, having bought black roubles, he was able to wander into corners usually overlooked.

There are two facts which no candid observer of Russia to-day is likely to dispute—the terribly high cost of economic mistakes and the really surprising degree of cultural success. Mr. Maurice Hindus is quite clear about both. Born himself in a Russian village, he knows the country and understands the peasantry: a great journalist, he has done more than anyone to explain the Russian Revolution to the common reader. So much has now been written about Russia that *The Great Offensive* cannot bring

Ready next Friday: order now

The Moscow Trial

BY A. J. CUMMINGS: 10/6

Mr. Cummings and Reuter's correspondent were the only two English journalists who attended the trial. Mr. Cummings' account is strikingly and fearlessly at variance with what may be called the popular version: people who are afraid of the truth, and like to be bamboozled, should not read it.

H. G. Wells writes of it:

"Far more vivid and entertaining than any novel . . . An important public document, a brilliant piece of reporting, and a sound piece of literary work."

★

Red Virtue

BY ELLA WINTER: full novel length, 5/-

Ella Winter (formerly Lecturer at the London School of Economics) lived in Russian families in order to study *human relationships* in the new Russia—and has written a really entrancing account of what she found.

RELATION OF SEXES—COMRADESHIP—MARRIAGE—MORALS
ETHICS—PARENTS & CHILDREN—EDUCATION—TOYS & GAMES
CRIME & PUNISHMENT—TREATMENT OF MISFITS, ETC., ETC.

★

Maurice Hindus' new book:

"THE GREAT OFFENSIVE": full novel length, 5/-

In this book, written during and immediately after his latest visit to Russia, the author of *Humanity Uprooted* brings up to date his splendid narratives of Russia's great Socialist experiment. *6th thousand already printing.*

★

Cheap Edition of Strachey's

"COMING STRUGGLE FOR POWER": 5/-

"By far the best re-statement of the Marxian-Leninist gospel of Communism which has any application to the England of today"—*Spectator*

★

Towards the Understanding of Karl Marx

BY SIDNEY HOOK: full novel length, 5/-

"It is not too high praise of this book to say that it is, on the whole, the best introduction to the study of Marxism now available in English"—Prof. Laski (Manchester Guardian)

★ STARRED ITEMS JUST OUT GOLLANCZ

with it quite the excitement of *Humanity Uprooted* or *Red Bread*. But it is an extraordinarily interesting book. His picture of the conditions he has recently seen in the areas reported to be starving carries complete conviction. If there is not actual famine there is certainly hunger, and there has been incalculable waste. Mr. Hindus explains the political as well as the psychological reasons which account for the errors of the Bolshevik land policy: he gives a moving account of the misery caused by the ruthless haste of collectivisation and the folly of the requisition system, now at last abandoned. After describing the tardy concessions made to the peasants he writes in a remarkable summary of the situation:

> I have the feeling that the greatest failing of the Communist organisation, in spite of its oneness of purpose and rigorous discipline, is its callous insensitiveness to evils and errors at their inception. Whether it is sheer bureaucracy or hardness, or preoccupation with so many weighty tasks, or all of these, the results are no less calamitous. This was the case with the slaughter of livestock. . . . For nearly a year the ferment in the Ukraine continued to brew before much was done to stop it. During the *plenum* of the Communist Party the whole country waited breathlessly for action, and nothing much happened. It was not until the Communist Conference in January of 1933 that decisive measures were rushed through to repair the damage that the Collectives had suffered. Now the Communists are pushing these measures with all the energy and all the resources at their disposal . . . It is as though they had mobilised the whole country . . . to heal up the wounds. . . . But what Moscow needs most is to develop a sensitiveness to peasant needs and peasant complaints. . . . Yet of one thing we may be assured: as long as the Soviets endure there will be no return to individual farming. I have the feeling that, even if the Soviets were to collapse, Russian agriculture would remain collectivised with control in the hands of the peasants instead of the Government. The advantages of collectivisation as a method of farming are indisputable. . . . Given proper management and fit recognition to the human element on the Collectives, the movement can become the crowning achievement of the Soviets.

Faced with blunders of this magnitude it is not surprising that some who at first rejoiced have become "disillusioned" about the Russian Revolution. I believe they are wrong. The over-zealous Wordsworth of 1790 was essentially right: and the arid egotist of 1830 was altogether wrong. It was not a mistake to rejoice in the downfall of an ancient tyranny and the birth of a generation which hated privilege and asked for liberty and equality. And so with the far more fundamental change in Russia. The intelligence which, in its dealing with the peasantry, has been stunted by callousness and baulked by political exigencies, has succeeded in creating a generation which has for the first time in the history of the world a fundamentally healthy attitude to sex life and which is evolving for itself—not by dictation from above, though that has played its part—a new morality which, I venture to suggest, must be in essentials the morality of the new world if large-scale civilisation is to continue. Miss Winter knows the Russian language and has stayed for months in Russian houses: her account of the progress of education, of the new status of women, of the ideas which dominate the law-courts, the nursery and the school-room is, I think, the best so far published in England about this aspect of the Revolution. Her conclusions are substantially supported by the longer experience of Mr. Hindus. It is an extraordinary thing, I believe, the one really permanently hopeful thing in civilisation to-day, that there should be anywhere in the world a generation, amounting to millions of young people, who naturally—more naturally as the priggishness wears off—assume that to live on other people's work is caddish, and that the one sin is to be selfish, to put your own pleasure before the interests of the community. It is, I agree, also a rather shocking and terrifying thing to people brought up in the individualist tradition of the western capitalist nations. This aspect of Soviet Russia impresses even so keen an anti-Marxian as Mr. H. G. Wood. He is concerned to expose the fallacies of Marxism, and though his initial assumptions are too distant to make him a really effective critic, he deals some shrewd blows and impresses with the sincerity of his own creed. He hopes in some rather vague way that Christianity will save civilisation. He is prepared to modify the present order with the direction of Socialism, because he perceives that capitalist morality is anti-Christian. But surely the problem for him to solve is how it comes about that in the country which is based on the creed he opposes, the ethics of Christianity—not, of course, its mystical philosophy—are actually, amid extraordinary confusion and excitement, becoming increasingly the one accepted basis of social behaviour?

KINGSLEY MARTIN

SHORTER NOTICE

Thames to Tahiti. By SIDNEY HOWARD. *Bell.* 7s. 6d.

"Ocean cruising," says Mr. Howard, "is a Way of Life," and to judge by this book it is, like other ways, a mixture of pleasures and pains. The author sailed alone with one companion in a 38ft. cutter from Dover to the South Seas. They went by way of Spain and Morocco, across the Atlantic, through the Panama Canal, and thence across the Pacific by the Marquesas to Tahiti; and it took them thirteen months to do the voyage of 12,000 miles. They had their troubles with the weather, naturally enough—some nasty gales, and periods of heartbreaking calms, when their boat made but a few miles in a tropical day. Some of the details of the navigation will appeal mainly to sailors, professional or amateur; but Mr. Howard does not overdose us with technicalities, and there is plenty to interest the landlubber. Many of the doings of the two voyagers in their ports of call, and the stories they picked up in one and another, make excellent reading. And the reader who does not care for the "Ocean Way of Life" will find entertainment ashore all the way—in Spain and Portugal, St. Vincent, the West Indies, among the Coral Islanders, the pearl-fishers and the brown Mormons of the Southern Seas.

About Motoring

A SHOCK FOR ENGINEERS

IN company with other motoring journalists, I have been asked to broadcast to motor owners the general results of an extensive research into the causes of cylinder wear, recently concluded by the Institution of Automobile Engineers. It deals with a very common embroglio. A well-to-do citizen pays £1,000 for a smart motor car, which affords him the greatest gratification for about two years. At the end of that period its performance grows flabby, the engine sounds much too noisy, a good deal of oil is being consumed, and the car is eventually driven to a service station. Here the experts inform him that his cylinder bores are seriously worn, and advise him to have them rebored, which will entail the fitting of new pistons, and certain other consequential attentions. He grumblingly accepts rather an expensive estimate for the job, sacrifices the use of his car for a couple of weeks, and when he receives it back, probably considers that it does not run so sweetly as when it was new. The owner of a cheap baby car suffers similar annoyances, but pays rather less for the repair. Both men are irritated, considering that a 1933 car should be capable of longer life. But they eventually accept the situation on discovering that all their neighbours are familiar with the nuisance; and reflect philosophically that if two pieces of metal are rubbed against each other at high speed for many hours, appreciable wear must result. Their local dealer warns them that the rate of wear can be reduced a little by using super lubricants and by eschewing the excessive use of choke devices when starting up the engine from cold.

The interest of the I.A.E. researches is that they have pulverised almost the whole of current theory on this vexed question. They have ascertained the fundamental causes of cylinder wear, and have proved that invention may presently confer upon us a new regime, in which two pieces of hot metal may rub together at high speed under heavy pressure, and yet suffer so ridiculously little wear that a cylinder block may remain perfectly serviceable in years to come after, say, 100,000 miles.

Roughly speaking, all the rate of wear in any given cylinder block, say the block of my 1933 Riley car, is not even or continuous. It is excessively rapid at cylinder-wall temperatures of ninety degrees, but slows down to a non-appreciable rate when the cylinder wall temperatures reaches one hundred and twenty-five degrees. Ergo, my block wears very fast whilst I am starting up my cold engine, running the car with the engine below normal heat, or any winter day when I make a series of short-distance calls, coupled with frequent restarts, frequent drives of a mile or two with a cold engine, and repeated parkings with no muff over the radiator. But if I drive the car to the Scottish Highlands in one lurid all-night run, a short period of rapid wear near my doorstep at the commencement of the run is succeeded by many hours of fast travel during which no perceptible wear occurs. This discovery immediately suggests two radical changes in car management. I must install a boiler or a hot-water tap in my garage, and drain off the cold water from the radiator every morning, replacing it with a fresh supply as near boiling point as I can contrive. Whenever I park my car, I must cover up the radiator and bonnet as efficiently as possible, so as to preserve the previously generated heat most jealously. These two pre-

THE
ROMANTIC
AGONY
By
MARIO PRAZ
Translated from the Italian by
ANGUS DAVIDSON
25/- net
A study of literary decadence in Europe from 1800 and 1900

ORPHÉE
By
JEAN COCTEAU
Translated by CARL WILDMAN
With a drawing by Cocteau and a frontispiece by Pablo Picasso
7/6 net
(Copies signed by Cocteau and Picasso, and specially bound, 12/6 net each)

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

· THE STREET OF THE SANDALMAKERS STILL SELLING · 7/6 ·
· VICTORIN'S THE EAGLET · "ONE LONG AND PERILOUS THRILL FOR THE AIR-MINDED" · 7/6 ·
· INLAND FAR, COMING NEXT IN THE BEDFORD EDITION OF CLIFFORD BAX'S WORKS · 7/6 ·
· CAPT. VON RINTELEN'S · THE DARK INVADER · 9/- ·

"a book about Rabelais, and one of the best."
—HOWARD SPRING

CONTINUED DEMAND FOR
Francis Watson's
LAUGHTER FOR PLUTO
of which HOWARD SPRING *writes:*

"Mr. Watson is content to let those gorgeous creations of Gargantua and Pantagruel tell their own story of the personality, the life and the philosophy of their creator.

"The story is told gracefully and wittily, and the author is wisely content, in his quotations from the text, to accept the incomparable translation of Urquhart rather than yield to the temptation to play fast and loose with the original."
—EVENING STANDARD

Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net

LOVAT DICKSON

PHILOSOPHY
LEADING CONTENTS FOR JULY:

GREAT THINKERS. (I) SOCRATES — R. HACKFORTH, M.A.
TWO PHILOSOPHERS OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT — CLEMENT C. J. WEBB, D.Litt
CROCE'S THEORY OF ECONOMIC ACTION — PROFESSOR W. G. De BURGH
THE SENSE OF THE HORIZON — C. DELISLE BURNS, D.Lit.
A PLURALISTIC VIEW OF HISTORY — ADRIAN COATES, M.A.
DISCUSSION: PROFESSOR WHITEHEAD'S "ADVENTURES OF IDEAS" — SYDNEY E. HOOPER, M.A.

Philosophical Survey. New Books. Institute Notes.

Price 3s. 6d. net. *Annual subscription 14s. net post free.*

MACMILLAN & CO. LTD. LONDON W.C.2

THE
LIBERAL MAGAZINE
Edited by HAROLD STOREY

JULY NUMBER

Shorter Hours and Unemployment.
Socialist Extremists.
Text of Four-Power Pact.
Sir Charles Starmer.
World Economic Conference.

Parliamentary Debates—Divisions—Bills—Blue Books, etc.

6d. Monthly. *6s. a Year.*

Liberal Publication Department,
21, Abingdon Street, London, S.W.1.

OLD VIC DRAMATIC SCHOOL
September—May. *Fifty Guineas.*
Daily Classes, Dancing, Voice Production, Eurythmics, etc.
Crowd work with Vic-Wells Shakespeare Company.
Pupils over 17 only. Apply Vic. (stamped envelope)
Also a few vacancies Vic-Wells School of Dancing.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c
Goddard's
Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6d 1- 2/- & 4/-

cautions may multiply the life of my cylinder block by some such valuable integer as 2 or 3.

The research engineers wisely refused to rest when they had proved that all rapid wear of the cylinder occurs at low temperatures. They next proceeded with prolonged and ingenious attempts to isolate the destructive factor or factors. Here, too, they have succeeded. It is not friction, as was once supposed, but *corrosion*, *i.e.*, a chemical action on the metal. As soon as corrosion was identified as the villain of the piece, they knew where to look. It is common knowledge that considerable volumes of water are liberated wherever petrol is the fuel. If the petrol is adequately vaporised, the contained water is also vaporised, and the bulk of the water vapour will pass harmlessly out by the exhaust system. Heat assists in vaporising both water and fuel, so in a hot engine the metal is very largely protected from the entry of water in liquid form, and therefore from corrosion by water. In a cold engine the water is not necessarily vaporised, and will pass the piston rings, mingle with the oil, and set up corrosion of the cylinder. Hence the value of boiling water for replenishing radiators. Moreover, chemists are naturally aware that acids are liberated whenever petrol vapour is exploded; they know the names of these acids, and they know that some of them corrode metals. A series of experiments were accordingly made with special fuels, known to be free from corrosive acids; and a second series of tests were conducted with special metals. Some of these metals are unsuitable for motor-car use, because they are specially subject to abrasion; but as they are non-corroding, they offered a chance to decide the issue as between corrosion, friction, and lubrication. At the conclusion corrosion was definitely isolated as the true culprit. And a cold engine is the happy hunting ground of the little demon of corrosion.

These researches will henceforward exert a profound influence on design. We may hope ere long to be offered engines specifically designed to retain heat when the car is parked; let us hope that their equipment will be more sightly than the padded muffs which many of us at present employ in winter. Design may take the form of an internally padded and sealed bonnet, coupled with radiator shutters presenting a smooth metal front to the world, but padded on their hinder side with non-conducting material. Such shutters should, of course, be automatic with the aid of a thermostat. But in addition to this simple equipment, which flanked by the garage hot-water boiler, could extend cylinder life by an enormous figure, we shall expect new fuels, comparatively free from corrosive acids, together with engines embodying new alloys. Such new alloys will have to exhibit the same magnificent resistance to sheer friction which existing engines unquestionably possess; but they should further boast a high degree of resistance both to water corrosion and to acid corrosion.

Modern plating, modern enamel, and modern electrically welded steel bodies already give promise of very long life in road service. The remainder of a motor-car chassis is normally good for ten years' work with little attention. If we get the addition of a cylinder block which is almost wearproof, the motor car of a few years hence will be an extremely economical proposition.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Don't grit your Teeth!

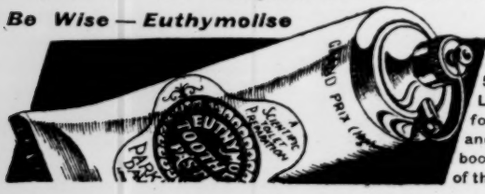
Harmful abrasives injure tooth enamel and start dental decay. Dentists recommend Euthymol, the gritless tooth paste that not only beautifies the teeth but, as laboratory tests show, kills dental decay germs in 30 seconds. Euthymol leaves the mouth fragrant and refreshed as well as clean. Send now for the 7 day free trial sample or buy the large tube which costs 1/3 only at your chemists.

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

KILLS DENTAL DECAY GERMS IN 30 SECONDS

Observe the Golden Rule — Visit the dentist twice a year and use Euthymol Tooth Paste twice a day.

Be Wise — Euthymolise



FREE OFFER Send to Dept. 82/27, Euthymol, 50, Beak Street, London, W.1, for a free sample and an interesting book on the care of the teeth.

Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 28.—THE RATTLETRAP CUP

The competition for the Rattletrap Cup (Association Football) was extraordinarily close.

Each competing team played each of the others once, two points being scored for a win and one for a draw. On points, all the teams competing tied. But on goal average (which decided the cup's destination) there were, curiously, no ties at all. Sixty goals were scored in the competition.

Much Dribbling had two elevens participating. In the final table their second XI was twenty places lower than their first XI. The second XI missed a great chance in their match against the first XI, as, though they won this match, they threw away three opportunities of scoring goals.

If these three goals had been scored, what would have been the respective positions in the table of the Much Dribbling 1st and 2nd XI's?

PROBLEM 26.—THE SEVEN CUCKOOS

Denote le Coucoue by A, der Kuckuck by B, Cuculo by C, Cuclillo by D, Koekoek by E, Kukker by F, and Kukushka by G; the letters they should have received by a, b, c, d, e, f, and g, and the monographs they should have received by a′, b′, c′, d′, e′, f′, and g′.

Enter in the following table the facts which are known, denoting a letter received by o and a monograph by +.

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	
a		o					+	a′
b			o					b′
c	o							c′
d					o			d′
e	+							e′
f					+		o	f′
g						+		g′

Then each row and column must contain one o and one +, and an o and a + cannot be in the same square. Hence the remaining o's must be in the squares (F, e) and (D, g), and the three remaining +'s must be looked for in the squares given by B, C, D in association with b′, c′, d′.

Therefore as B is not associated with b′ and the square (C, b′) is already occupied one + must be in the square (D, b′), and it follows at once that C is associated with d′ and B with c′.

Hence Cuculo received the monograph intended for Cuclillo, and Cuclillo received the letter written in Russian.

(The answers "Polish" and "Kukushka's language" are equally accepted as correct.)

PROBLEM 25.—THE STAGGERED SPIRE

A set of Low's Cartoons is awarded to: L. Peskin, 18 The Drive, Golder's Green, N.W.11.

There were 59 correct and 9 incorrect solutions.

Seven points are awarded for this problem.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM-SOLVERS

One set of Low's cartoons is awarded weekly to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition a record is kept of the names of senders of all correct solutions submitted. All solvers qualify for book prizes on a cumulative-point basis. For particulars see THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of May 6th.

Solutions to the current problem must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen St., London, W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than the next Tuesday but one after the date of publication.

CALIBAN

CO-OPERATIVE BANKING

Over half a century's experience in the provision of working-class savings facilities lies behind the service of the C.W.S. Bank.

Current and Deposit accounts are opened for Trade Unions, Clubs, Institutes and individuals.

On DEPOSIT NOTES

Compound Interest is allowed up to 3½ per cent.

WRITE OR CALL

C·W·S· BANK

HEAD OFFICE:
1, Balloon Street, MANCHESTER.

BRANCHES:
99, Leman Street, LONDON, E.1.
42, Kingsway, W.C.2.
Transport House, Smith Square, Westminster.
West Blandford Street, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.
Broad Quay, BRISTOL.

MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL

LONDON, W.1.
(University of London.)

The WINTER SESSION will open on October 3rd.

The Medical School and Hospital occupy a central position within a few minutes' walk of Oxford-circus. They are fully equipped for teaching the entire Medical Curriculum, both for University Degrees and the Conjoint Course.

ENTRANCE AND UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS examinations will be held in July.

The new West Wing of the Hospital is fully occupied; the rebuilding of the remainder is proceeding without the loss of a single bed; the remodelled Out-Patient Department continues to expand; the newly-built Residents' Block affords greatly improved facilities; the Nurses' Home is the finest in London. These, with other new buildings, including magnificent Laboratories, give to the Middlesex Hospital and its Medical School the most modern facilities obtainable in Great Britain. The wards of the Archway Hospital, Highgate, containing 600 beds, are also utilised for Medical and Surgical Demonstrations for Students of this Medical School.

RESIDENT APPOINTMENTS.

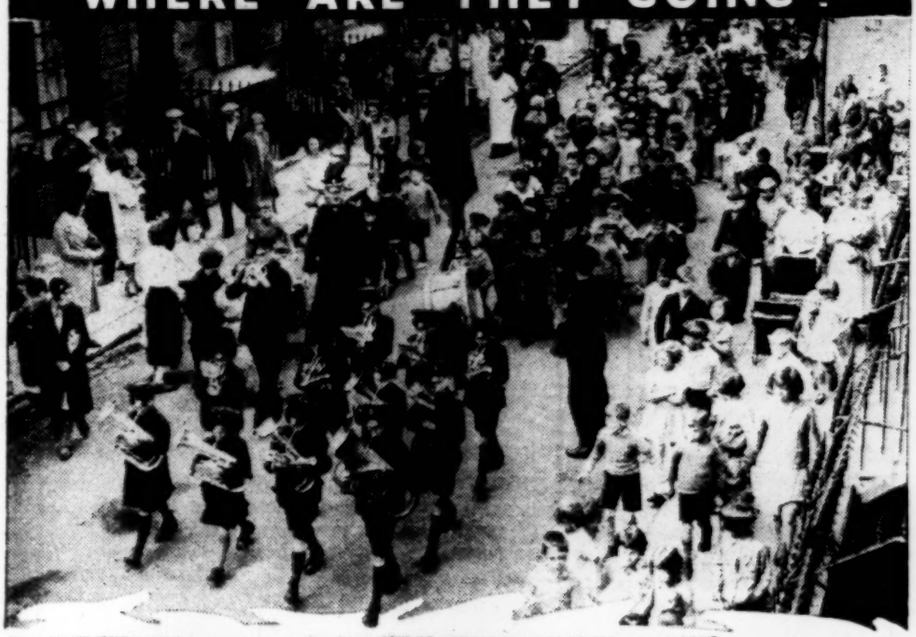
Numerous Resident Appointments are offered annually to students recently qualified. NINE REGISTRARS are also appointed annually. SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES of a value exceeding £1,000 are awarded each year. Large Athletic Grounds, Common Rooms, and a well-equipped Restaurant are provided. A Squash Rackets Court is available.

The Students' Amalgamated Clubs include Rugby and Association Football, Golf, Hockey, Cricket, Sailing, Fencing, etc.

There is no accommodation for women students.

For further particulars and prospectus, apply to the Dean, T. IZOD BENNETT, M.D., F.R.C.P.; or to the School Secretary, Middlesex Hospital, Mortimer-street, London, W.1.

WHERE ARE THEY GOING?



THE chance to leave overcrowded streets for the seaside or for cool, green fields does not often come the way of these poor youngsters. Hence the happy smiles and wild excitement.

There are multitudes of such girls and boys, and burdened mothers, who long for a sight of the sea or countryside.

Carrying on an unceasing ministry amongst the poor, the Salvation Army sees the great need for a change of environment if only for a short time, and to its own Holiday Homes, and the homes of its friends, come hundreds of tired mothers and thousands of boys and girls.

20/- pays for a week's holiday for a mother and child.

10/- pays for a week's holiday for a boy or girl.

Gifts gratefully received by General Higgins, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

THE SALVATION ARMY